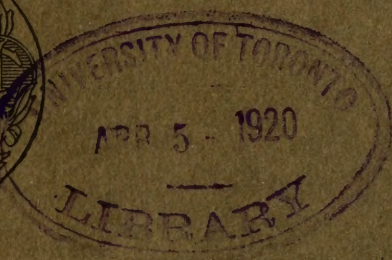


# Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME I

OCTOBER, 1917

NUMBER 1

## ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

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INTER-AMERICA is edited at 407 West 117th Street, New York City. It is manufactured and distributed by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company, of New York City.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

English INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	\$ .80 per annum
Spanish INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	.80 per annum
English and Spanish INTER-AMERICA (12 numbers)	1.50 per annum
Single numbers of either issue	.15 per copy

*All communications should be addressed to*

DIRECTOR OF INTER-AMERICA

407 WEST 117TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

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# Inter-Digest

AND LITERARY JOURNAL



Published by the  
Inter-Digest Association  
No. 123 Main Street  
New York City  
Subscription price  
\$5.00 per annum  
in advance  
Single copies  
10 cents  
Entered as Second-Class  
March 1, 1879  
Post Office at New York City  
No. 123 Main Street  
Authorised by Post Office  
Department, March 1, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at  
Special Rate of Postage  
provided for in Act of  
October 3, 1917  
Approved for mailing at  
Special Rate of Postage  
October 1, 1918

Inter-Digest Association

# RUBÉN DARÍO

## A STUDY OF HIS CHARACTER AND WORKS

BY

XXX

(After a brief characterization of the principal works of Darío, the author analyzes the poet and his poetry, and he gives a number of citations of verse, both to illustrate its quality and to justify his views regarding it.)

Rubén Darío has a reputation among those of his kind, not only as an eminent poet, the prince of the poets of the Spanish language, but also as the first, the most complete, the leading and most interesting man of letters of contemporary Spanish-American literature. In the continental press, as also in the criticism of Spain, the supreme esthete of *Los raros* is spoken of with respect, and the new generation, fascinated by the grandeur of his star, chants, in a noisy riot of neophytes, hymns of joy and affection to him, as if in the presence of a new Homer. For splendor, unexpectedness of imagery, excellence of form, vigor of vocabulary, force and depth of thought, and for the originality of his genius and the singularity of his temperament, Rubén Darío is, with the Colombian Guillermo Valencia, the Argentine Leopoldo Lugones, the Peruvian José Santos Chocano, the Cuban Julián del Casal, the Mexican Amado Nervo, one of the greatest poets, if not the greatest poet, of Spanish America in the present period of the race and language.

Elyso de Carvalho.

THE work of Rubén Darío begins positively with those marvelous *Prosas profanas*, verses which the author calls prose, although they are pure poetry, and poetry of fine metal.

Regarding it, Justo Sierra says, in his prologue to Darío's *Peregrinaciones*:

Such prose is pure poetry, pure art, goblets of Bohemian, cups of Sèvres, chalices of gold, gems from the treasures of the Italian churches, amphoras of ceramic, into which Rubén has poured the essence of his soul, informed by the instincts that rise to the soul from the depths of the organism, and tinge and turn it opaque like blood; fashioned by that pain which contact with other souls communicates to one's own soul and renders its essence transparent like tears; formed of what the soul gathers from the atoms that emanate from a hidden sun

(the theory of emanations is manifest in poetry), from images without outline, projected by a world not seen, by the universe that begins there beyond, where this universe ends, and that transmute the shadow into a mysterious and infinite clarity. These are the poems that serve in our inner life as an altar-lamp which, at times, seems darkened, when it is inundated with what the poet delightfully calls a "sweetness of light."

The title *Prosas profanas*, applied to an exquisite volume of verse, was much discussed, although the most of the critics did not know that under it was set forth merely the purpose of making an allusion to one of the ancient forms of ecclesiastical poetry. For Rémy de Gourmont, the learned author of *Le Latin mystique*, the title is a *trouvaille*.

Rubén Darío had already published: *Epístolas y poemas*, prose and verse (1886); *Abrojos*, verses (1886); *Rimas*, (1887); *Azul*, a collection of prose, verses, and poems, the latter being constructed according to the formula of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, and a sketch of his definitive work, a harbinger of the new literary era that he inaugurated (1888); *A. de Gilbert*, a critical study (1891); *Los raros*, a series of masterly studies, produced with much art and no little erudition, upon the most representative figures of that vast esthetic movement called *decadentism*, a sonorous apothegm in which all the modern literary schools that sprang up with naturalism and Parnassianism were contained, and a book that made common in the Spanish countries the names of Poe, Leconte de Lisle, Paul Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Jean Richépin, Léon Bloy, Jean Moréas, Rachilde, Laurent Tailhade, Georges d'Esparbès, José Martí, Augusto de Armas,

Max Nordau, Ibsen, Eugenio de Castro, etc., etc., (1896).

The second edition, published twelve years later, contains the following preface:

Apart from the notes upon Maclair and Adam, all the contents of this book was written two years ago in Buenos Aires when symbolism was in full development in France. It fell to my lot to make this movement known in America, and on this account, and because of my verses of that period, I was attacked and stigmatized with the inevitable word *decadent*. All this has passed like my fresh youth. There is in these pages great enthusiasm, sincere admiration, much reading and no little good intention. In the natural evolution of my thought, the basis of it has always remained the same. I confess, however, that I have not approached any of my idols of other years, and I have recognized more than one mistake in my manner of perceiving. There remain the same passion for art, the same disdain of the vulgar and the same religion of beauty. But another autumnal reason has succeeded the eruptions of spring.

After the *Prosas profanas y otros poemas*, the first edition of which bears the date of 1896, he published *España contemporánea*, a work that provoked impassioned polemics both in and out of Spain (1900); *Peregrinaciones*, notes on a trip through Europe (1901); *La caravana pasa*, a book of chronicles impregnated with erudition and genius (1902); *Tierras solares*, a strong and learned work in which are exhibited a vigorous narrator, an exuberant colorist, an eminent landscapist, sensual and at the same time mystical, indeed, a record of art, of life and of dreams (1914); *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, followed by *Los cisnes y otros poemas*, the masterpiece of the poet (1905); a very conscientious *Oda a Mitre*, published upon the occasion of the death of the illustrious Argentine (1906); and finally, *Opiniones*, pages of criticism, literary studies and impressionistic notes, preceded by the following statement:

In this book, as in all my books, I do not pretend to teach anything, for I am pleased to acknowledge myself the least pedagogical being of the earth. Here are my opinions, my feelings, regarding things seen and ideas cherished, all expressed in the noblest manner of

which I have been capable, since I will not be the companion of low thoughts or vulgar terms. I do not strive to make any one think as I think, or express himself as I do. Liberty! Liberty! my friends. And do not let yourselves wear any kind of livery.

The author appears in *Cantos de vida y esperanza* as a master in the full possession of his art, the absolute lord of his inspiration and language. He reveals himself in these poems in the clear splendor of all his qualities and artistic resources. In the full swing now of his literary career, checkered in spite of the tranquility of his life, and perfecting his poetic instrument, his inspiration continues undimmed, and his whole existence has been a constant, serene and noble struggle toward a more perfect blending of originality of thought and refinement of form, of imagery and the metric art, a very *excelsior* toward supreme beauty, intangible and redemptive.

Finally, this prodigious work is a sublime transcript of new emotions, of modern thinking, that demands a complex and every day more refined and subtile art.

A poet and a writer of prose, above all, a poet, even when he writes in prose, and a poet gifted with superb thought, admirable esthetic vision and an intense inner life; a poet with all the strength and all the weakness of a modern man, with all the profundity of a vast and select culture, Rubén Darío was truly a precursor, a creator, a man of destiny.

*Prosas profanas*, a book that assured for ever the literary reputation of its author, marks an epoch in the history of Spanish-American literature, in that it inaugurates a new art in its aspiration and in its form, one emancipated from the old traditional esthetics and freed from the rules that obscured the abundant crystalline fountains of Castilian poetry.

Spanish America, so wanting in true poets and artists, by the favor of the beneficent, creative and fruitful influence of this master, saw spring up a whole generation with noble spirits and rare talents. It will be sufficient to mention Chocano, Díaz Romero, Ángel Estrada, Juan Ramón Molina, Santiago Argüello, Jaimes Freire, José Asunción Silva, Froylán Turcios. . . .

The renaissance of Castilian poetry had not been expected, and this, without doubt, was the most vast, energetic and fecund movement that marked, in Spanish-American intellectuality, the transition from the past to the present. Emilio Carrere, a writer of talent, heralds Rubén Darío in the prologue to *La corte de los poetas*, an anthology of modern verse, as the true apostle of the poetic reformation:

The influence of Rubén Darío upon Castilian poetry is evident. Not the fresh and youthful *Azul*, applauded with rare sincerity by Juan Valera, but *Prosas profanas*, is the book of Rubén's that has produced in Spain an entire generation of poets. His stanzas are recited from memory in the literary circles; his rhythms are admired; and his rimes and his phrases are imitated. Moreover, those who, more independent, have not permitted themselves to be influenced by the letter, have been influenced by the spirit, which has suggested to them the task of seeking the inwardness of things, the reconditeness of souls, the mystery of places—subtleties, in fine, until now unrecognized or misprized.

A refined, aristocratic and sumptuous artist, Rubén Darío practices the art of dreaming, the worship of the unreal, idealism pure and simple; and he preaches a return to the past, not only for the rebirth of all that the past holds of greatness, but in order to consecrate the super-excellence of ecstasy and of history as the preparers of inspiration. "Is there in my veins some drop of the blood of Africa, or of the Chorotegan or Nagrandan Indian?" he asks. "It might be," he continues, "in spite of my hands of a marquis; but behold, you see in my verses, princes, kings, imperial thrones, visions of remote and impossible landscapes, what you will! I detest the life and the time in which it fell to me to live; and even the president of a republic, I can not salute him in the language in which I would sing to thee, O Halagabel! whose court—gold, silver, marble—I remember in my dreams . . . (If there be poetry in America, it is found in the ancient things, in Palenque and Utatlán, in the legendary Indian, in the sensual and stately Inca and in the great Moctezuma of the chair of gold. The

rest is thine, democratic Walt Whitman . . .) My Spanish grandfather with a white beard shows me a series of illustrious portraits. 'This,' he says to me, 'is the great don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, a genius and maimed; this is Lope de Vega; this, Garcilaso; this, Quintana.' I ask him for the noble Gracián, for Santa Teresa, for the brave Góngora, and, the strongest of them all, don Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas. Afterward he exclaimed, 'Shakespeare, Dante, Hugo!' (and I to myself 'Verlaine'). Then, as I said farewell: 'Grandfather, I must tell you: my wife is of my country; my mistress is of Paris.'"

His thought always wanders among the infinite constellations of sleep, in the nebulous regions of mysticism; and from the external world he seeks only the strange the subtle, the quintessence of phenomena, the bizarre, the unparalleled. Darío may well say with the French poet:

Le singulier me touche et l'étranger me charme  
J'excuse le bizarre et me sens fort éprise  
Du rare . . .

His work, so varied, so intense, so curious, enthusiastically expresses the seductions of the marvelous; it reveals a feverish effort to penetrate the rare. With an infinite will to create, he is continually snatching, in compliance with his introspective mission—extraordinarily intense in a nature so nervous and refined—strange flowers, rare colors, exotic landscapes, effects never glimpsed before. Rubén loves the fugitive, the *chiascuro*, the unfinished, the undulating, bells and swans, wind and twilight, silence and night; and, for translating his impalpable dreams, he has precious words, old familiar words, to which he gives a new and mysterious meaning.

Rubén Darío, who possessed the intense and penetrating vision of the true intellectual; a keen, tranquil, clear, conscious and concentrated insight into dreams and men and things; and the secret of the artist, which consists in managing with great naturalness his resources for perfect self-expression, introduced into Castilian poetry, secrets, uncharted ways, new perspectives, esthetic novelties, revelations of

inspired feeling, thought and rime, new fountains of inspiration and of life, new formulas, new myths and new legends—transcending beauties.

Justo Sierra says that Darío:

Has discovered and has made us experience one more sound, not perceived by any before him; and I repeat that it is Wagnerian music in Spanish verse, not only because of the prodigious variety of his measures, which, without doubt, go beyond the meter of the primitive poets, but because of the rhythm, which is so appropriate to the theme that it is probable a fine ear, although that of one ignorant of the Spanish language, might infer, for example, from the *Marcha triunfal* merely on account of its resonance, that it treated of something heroic and martial, and that from the composition entitled *Era un aire suave* a true oral minuet, it had to do with something of the century before last, that was wafted "between the smothered sobs of the violoncellos."

For Rubén Darío, poetry, which ought to express the taste, the perfume and the color of objects, is rhythm, sonorousness, music, and music that pleases the ear, provokes dreaminess, seizes possession of the soul, a poem that shall be, not a statue or a painting, but simply a *song*. Verse is *la chose à la volée éparse au vent*, incorporeal, airy, diffused.

Plus vague et plus soluble dans l'air,  
Sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose.

expressive of complex states of souls, of subtle feelings and vague ideas. Musical rhythm is the categorical imperative in his attempts to express tenderness, resigned melancholy and the infinite longing of his soul.

De la musique avant toute chose  
De la musique encore et toujours.

As Rubén says, when he counsels every one to love his rhythm:

Love thine own rhythm, and rime all thine  
actions

Beneath its law, just as thou dost its verses;  
Thou art thyself a verse of the universe,  
And thy soul is a very fountain of song.

The celestial unity thou presupposest  
Will cause to spring up in thee manifold worlds;  
And, as thy numbers circling outward, resound,  
Pythagorize upon thy constellations.

Listen to the celestial rhetoric  
Of the bird and the air; and the nocturnal  
Geometric irradiation, divine;  
To the death with taciturn indifference,  
And link crystalline pearl with crystalline pearl  
Where truth scatters the store of her upset urn.

Never was Castilian poetry nearer to music. In truth, these *Prosas profanas* are true pieces of music, of music lively and sad, playful and plaintive, like those *gavottes* and those *minuets* that were played in a minor key upon the timid harpsicords of the Trianons. "My organ," says Darío, "is an old Pompadourian harpsicord, at the sound of which my joyful ancestors danced their *gavottes*; and the perfume of thy breast is my perfume, eternal incensory of flesh, immortal Womanhood, flower of my rib . . ." The sad cadence of his stanzas, of his sweet rhythm, like a belfry of gold on unexpected mornings, not only physically enchants the ear, but, penetrating the organism like an anaesthetic, snatches us up out of the world, drawing away the soul stirred with a longing to sing. Read the poem, *Era un aire suave*, one of the most expressive compositions, one that gives the most exact idea of the poet and his manner, and in which are found all his beauties and originalities, and even all his defects:

The air was soft, ruffled by whirling zephyrs;  
The fairy Harmonia was timing her flights to  
rhythm;  
And vague phrases and tenuous sighs were  
wafted  
Between the smothered sobs of the violoncellos.

Upon the terrace, hard by the umbragious  
boughs,  
What seemed a tremulo of Æolian lyres,  
As when upreared the glossy white magnolias  
Caress with silky garments the stem that  
bears them.

The Marquise Eulalie, both smiles and displeasure  
Was shedding at the same time upon two rivals:  
The ruddy, fair viscount, he the famed for duels,  
And the young abbot, author of the madrigals.

Near at hand, crowned with the veined leaves  
of the vineyard,  
Bearded Terminus in his white mask was  
laughing,  
And, like an ephebe with lineaments of a girl,  
A staunch Diana displayed her naked marble.

Beneath an arbor that might be love's palestra,  
O'er a rich socle, in the Ionian manner,  
Grasped in his right hand a lighted candelabrum,  
Flew the fleet Mercury of John of Bologna.

The orchestra syllabled its magic accents,  
A chorus of wingéd sounds flooded the spaces,  
As gallant *pavanas*<sup>1</sup> and fugitive gavottes  
Lightly sang the sweet violins of Hungary.

As she hears the reproaches of her gentlemen,  
The divine Eulalie in ripples spills her laughter,  
For she treasures ever the arrows of Eros,  
The belt of Cypria, the distaffs of Omphale.

Woe to him who gathers her phrases of honey!  
Woe to him who confides in the song of her love!  
With her beautiful eyes and her lips of carmine  
The divine Eulalie in ripples spills her laughter.

With eyes of blue, she is malign and beautiful;  
When she gazes she emits a strange vivid light;  
Shines in the stellar depths of her liquid pupils  
The soul of the ruddy crystal cup of champagne.

It is a festal night and a ball in costume  
Makes display of its glory in worldly triumphs.  
The divine Eulalie, bedecked all in laces,  
Is plucking a flower with her polished fingers.

The harmonious cadence of her silver laughter,  
Is like the joyous music of a happy bird,  
With the staccato of the challenging danseuse  
And the crazy fugues of the girl collegian.

Amorous bird that never tires of trilling,  
Often its bill beneath its wings secreting,  
Vents cruel scorn beneath its folded pinion,  
Beneath the guileful wings of the airy fan.

When at silent midnight it bursts into music,  
And Philomela moans in golden arpeggios;  
The ivory swan upon the tranquil waters,  
Like a white gondola, imprints its pallid wake.

The marquise glad will hie her to the woodland,  
To the wood that hides the pleasant summer-house,  
Where a page's arms will wait to embrace her,  
Who being a page must be at least her poet.

To the accompaniment of an Italian air  
That the orchestra pours on the wandering breezes,  
The divine Eulalie, close by the rivals,  
The divine Eulalie ripples her laughter.

Was it perhaps the time of the French Louis,  
Sun with a court of stars in field of azure?  
When the pompous, regal rose of Pompadour  
Inundated the castles with her fragrance?

Was it when a beauty swayed with skirt up-  
lifted  
By fingers of a nymph, dancing the minuet,  
And followed the sprightly music of the rhythm  
On a red heel and a light and dainty foot?

Was it when shepherds in the flowery valleys  
Bedecked the young lambs with white, glisten-  
ing ribbons,  
And divine young shepherdesses of Versailles  
Listened to the declarations of their knights?

Was it in those good days of pastoral nobles,  
Of princess lovers and of tender gallants,  
When, in among the smiles and pearls and  
flowers,  
Ever moved the sleek coats of the chamber-  
lains?

Was it in the north or was it in the south?  
Of the year, the day and the land, I know not;  
But I know that Eulalie is still laughing,  
That her laughter of gold is hard, eternal.

These stanzas recall the divine music of Góngora and the soft Panic flute of Verlaine, another rimer of enchantments, sorrows and melancholy. José Enrique Rodó, the eminent Uruguayan critic, in explaining the structure, the essence and the characteristics of the poetry of Rubén Darío, says, regarding these verses:

The composition is of a tone entirely new in our language, for the character of the beauty that is in it has not the great simplicity of classic elegance, nor even the vivacity of the purely Spanish style, composed, as it is, of spices and the juice of grapes, which our poet has sung in verses of gypsy movements in the *Elogio de la seguidilla*. It is the grace of Watteau, provocative and subtle, incisive and fashioned after that French eighteenth century that the Goncourts, who felt and loved it so much, called "the smile of line, the soul of form and the spiritual physiognomy of manner." The originality of the versification contributes admirably to the effect of this delicious capriciousness. Never has the measure of the dodecasyllable, the venerable and heavy meter of the couplets of Juan de Mena, which the romanticists rejuvenated in Spain, after long oblivion, as a spell for legendary evocations, fallen upon

<sup>1</sup>A grave, stately Spanish dance with marked pauses.—Editor's note.

the ear in this peculiar manner. The poet has set upon it a new seal in his workshop; he has made it flexible, melodious, full of grace; and, liberating it from the burden of the three fixed and immutable accents, which held him subject like the clasps of its garment of iron, he has given to it an air of voluptuousness and softness by virtue of which the clasps seem to change into silken cords and the iron into marble. "The very measure has its purpose!" we might exclaim to this effect, parodying the anonymous poet of antiquity. Behold, how the ancient rhythm of the *Libro de las quere-llas* and of the *Danza de la muerte* has bent its petrified knees of an ancient warrior upon the rosy cushion of gallantry.

His esthetics, which is very slightly theoretical, is summed up in the celebrated verses of the *Art poétique* of Verlaine. Darío contends, in the lines preliminary to *Prosas profanas*, that, "as every word has a soul, there is in every verse, besides the verbal harmony, an ideal melody, the music often being only that of the idea." The musical element has a marked significance; it plays an important part in poetry; and if in music the empirical and badly delineated harmonies of other years enchant us to-day, why should not poetry also follow this evolution of the sensibilities? Rubén Darío has his own manner, original and unmistakable, of manipulating free verse, and, as his enlightened critics recognize, it is he who produces it best in Spanish, having no other rivals in European literature than Gabriele d'Annunzio, the prodigious genius who forges the luminous *laus vitæ*; Emile Verhaeren, the visionary of *Les villes tentaculaires*; Vielé-Griffin, the subtle singer of *La clarté de la vie*; and Eugenio de Castro, the noblest of the modern Portuguese poets. Do now but taste these verses of Darío's entitled: *Por el influjo de la primavera*:

Upon a jar of crystal,  
Flowers twine. Last night  
There was a rain of kisses.  
A two-horned faun awakened  
Behind a sensitive soul.  
Many flowers gave out their perfume.  
In the passional syringas  
Burst forth the seven voices  
That had been set in seven choirs

By Pan.  
Ancient pagan rites  
Were renewed. The star  
Of Venus shone most clear  
And diamantine. Strawberries  
Of the woodland shed their blood.  
The nest was in festival.  
A Florentine dream  
Bedecked itself with spring.  
Meseems in living flesh  
The anxious dead revived.  
Image to yourselves an oak  
That should bear a fresh rose;  
A good Latin woods' Pan  
With a Greek and Parisian  
Bacchante. Magnificent  
Music. A supreme  
Primitive inspiration,  
Full of modern things,  
A vast virile arrogance  
With aroma of *odor di femina*;  
A boulder of rock whereon  
Reposes a lily.

Divine season! Divine  
Season! The dayspring smiles  
Most sweetly. The tail  
Of the peacock proclaims  
His glory. The sun increases  
Its intimate influence; and the nerves  
Of the harp vibrate alone.  
O sacred springtime!  
O joy of the sacred gift  
Of life! O beautiful palm  
Upon our foreheads! Neck  
Of the swan! White dove!  
Red rose! Blue pallium!  
And all for thee, O soul,  
And for thee, body, and for thee,  
Idea, that dost link together!  
And for Thee, what we seek  
But find not ever,  
Never!

There is no doubt of it, Rubén Darío is the one who in America has best utilized this capricious combination of the Alexandrine: stanzas of varied meters, rimes, alliterations and assonances called free verse. His free verse, constructed exactly according to the singular theory of *ideal melody* that he formulated, and that was so diversely discussed, is the *essai de meler, en une musique très subtile, des rythmes pairs et impairs*. The author of *Azul* confesses with elegant good nature that in prose and rhythm the form of his verse is in Paul Verlaine, and, above all, in the ancient poet Gonzalo de Berceo, to

whom he dedicated the sonnet in which he says:

I love thy delicious Alexandrine,  
Spirit of Spain, as I do that of Hugo;  
The latter is worth a goblet of champagne,  
As the former wins "a glass of good wine."  
But to one and the other divine bard,  
Strange alike is the primitive prison:  
The batten insults and the shackle injures,  
For flight and liberty are their destiny.  
So I strive to bring to the light  
Thine ancient verse, whose wings I gild, and I  
cause

It to shine with my modern enamel;  
It has liberty with dignity  
And it returns, as the gerfalcon to the wrist  
Bringing with it from the blue, rimes of gold.

Rubén Darío, who introduced into Castilian poetry certain French rhythms, and revived several rhythms of the classic antiquity, has written admirable *decires*, *ayes* and songs after the manner of Johan de Duenyas, Valtierra, and Johan de Torres, Spanish troubadours of the fifteenth century. Let the following serve as an example:

#### DEZIR<sup>1</sup>

(IN THE MANNER OF JOHAN DE DUENYAS)

Regal Venus, sovereign  
Ruler  
Of desires and passions,  
In the human tempest  
For thee flows  
Blood of human hearts.  
Destiny presented me a cup  
And from it I drank thy wine,  
And it made me drunk with pain;  
For it caused me to discover  
That in the wine of love  
Lurks the bitterness of the sea.

To oblivion I gave turbulent  
Sentiment,  
And I found a cunning satyr  
Who on my thirsty lips bestowed  
New breath,  
A new cup and new wine.  
And when the spring drew near,  
In my red blood fiery  
Was enkindled a triple flame:  
I to flaming love deliver

The vintage of my life  
Under tendrils of fire.

In the mysterious fruit,  
Amber, rose,  
The lip satisfies its want,  
On a living rose plants  
A butterfly  
An ardent kiss or a prudent kiss.  
Good luck to the Grecian satyr  
Who taught me the sweet game!  
In the kingdom of my aurora  
There is no yesterday, to-day, to-morrow;  
I dance the dance of the present  
With the music of the pagans.

#### Conclusion

Beauty, to whom niggard fate  
Was pleased to ordain  
I should become a tender martyr,  
Gave a rare black pearl  
To thee Luzbel  
For thy diadem of madness.

Darío is therefore an innovator. His technique, his metrical processes, his poetic innovations, his verses free of all convention, emancipated from the fixed rules of ancient metrics, without the pedantic and useless caesuras, the tonic accents and the obligato hemistiches, his strange rhythms, his fluid, airy, musical words, his audacious and unexpected images, provoked in America, and especially in Spain, innumerable discussions, hostile criticisms and extreme defenders.

Not long ago the author of *Tierras solares* wrote:

The movement for liberty, which it fell to my lot to initiate in America, spread even to Spain, and both here and there a victory has been achieved. Since, in respect of technique, I might have had too much to say, in the country where poetic expression is atrophied and staid, to the point where the mummification of rhythm has come to be an article of faith, I shall make only a brief reference to it. In all the enlightened countries of Europe, use has been made of the absolutely classic hexameter, without the majority of the cultured and above all the deeply versed minority, being surprised at such a method of singing. In Italy, long ago, without mentioning the ancients, Carducci authorized hexameters; in English, I should hardly attempt to point out, because of the culture of my readers, that the *Evangeline* of Longfellow is in the same verse as that in which Horace expressed his best thoughts. With

<sup>1</sup>Antiquated spelling of *decir*, which, in this sense, signifies a short poetical composition, for which there seems to be no corresponding English term.—*Editor's note.*

regard to modern free verse, is it not truly singular that in this land of Quevedos and Góngoras, the only innovators upon the lyric instrument, the only liberators of rhythm, have been the poets of the *Madrid Cómic* and the librettists of light opera? I make this allusion because form is what first impresses the multitudes. I am not a poet for the multitudes; but I know that inevitably I must go to them.

A solitary dreamer of harmonies and premature dreams, a melancholy wanderer, always in search of perfect forms, new landscapes and undescribed sensations, he continues, without ever profaning the divine gift that he received with the dawn of life, to be a poet, always a poet, lord of the swans and of rare, noble and subtle rimes.

I pursue a form that my style does not find,  
A bud of thought that strives to be a rose;  
With a kiss is announced that upon my lips  
          alights

The impossible caress of the Venus de Milo.

The green palms chafe the white peristyle;  
The stars have foretold me the vision of the  
          gods;

And light lingers in my soul as reposes  
The moonbird upon the tranquil lake.

And I find only a word that is fleeting,  
The melodious prelude that escapes from the  
          flute,

And the dream boat that sails into space;

And beneath the window of my Sleeping  
          Beauty,

The continuous sigh of the plash of the fountain  
And the neck of the great white swan that  
          interrogates.

Nostalgic and sorrowful like Heine,  
elegiac and sensual like Verlaine, visionary  
and invocative like Verhaeren, Rubén  
Darío, who

Lives of love for America and of a passion for  
          Spain,

is not only a great poet, but the poet of a race, the eloquent singer of the Spanish soul. His admirable *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, impregnated with ardent mysticism and an extraordinary sincerity of expression, written in a language plastic, colorful, nervous and marvelously concise and limpid, evoke, sum up and include the ardent, impulsive, generous and dreamy

soul *par excellence* of heroic Spain, the august and venerable, as full of hopes and illusions as of the repose of its heroisms, victories and conquests. Spain lurked in the depths of her heart, like a grand ancient legend, which he tormented himself to evoke, to see if he might not again give it life, like a great *saudade*<sup>1</sup> that was never wholly extinguished. Such was the anguish of soul he suffered, in the presence of a strange and inevitable fatality, that at times, laments like the following, escaped him:

While the world draws breath, while the sphere  
          revolves,

While cordial hatred nourishes its dream,  
And there be impossible tasks, impossible  
          achievements—

A hidden America to find—Spain will live!

It was not merely love for the land of his forefathers, this that vibrated in the heart of the singer. It was a loftier aspiration that discouraged, afflicted and agonized him when he heard how his country moaned in death. Observe the intensity of the passion that flooded the soul of the poet in those most beautiful verses entitled: *Salutación del optimista*, *Al rey Oscar*, *Cyrano en España*, *Letanía de nuestro señor don Quijote*, and in the *Oda a Roosevelt*, which is, according to the poet himself, an "echo of the clamor of a continent entire," a proud protest, brilliant and eloquent, written "upon the wings of the immaculate swans, illustrious as Jupiter," against the future invader

Of that ingenuous America that has Indian  
          blood,

That still prays to Jesus Christ and still speaks  
          Spanish.

The sumptuous poet was able, at the necessary moment, in verses, splendid, crystalline, terse; in stanzas of beauty incomparable, sonorous and vibrating, to assume the gestures, encompass the aspirations and summarize the feelings of a whole people, thus making of his work

<sup>1</sup>A Portuguese word, untranslatable, nevertheless used in other languages to express the feeling to which it refers: an epitome of home-sickness, longing for the absent, and tender sadness.—*Editor's note.*

the song of the entire race of heroes and conquerors that we feel throbbing within, at the very moment in which immense voices are raised to proclaim the moral exhaustion of the land of Cervantes, Calderón, and Quevedo.

What signal makest thou, O swan, with curvéd neck,  
At the tread of the drear and wandering dreamers?  
Why so silent, since thou art white and lovely,  
Tyrant toward the waters, callous toward the flowers?

I salute thee now in Latin verses  
As did of yore Publius Ovidius Naso;  
The same nightingales chant the same lullabies;  
'Tis the same song in different languages.

To thee my idiom ought not to seem foreign,  
Garcilaso thou saw'st erstwhile, I venture;  
Son of America I, grandson of Spain;  
Quevedo spoke thee in verse of Aranjuez.

O swans, the stately fans of your fresh pinions  
Waft to the pallid brow purest caresses;  
And your white, picturesque figures exorcize  
From our sorrowful minds somber ideas.

The northern winter weighs us down with sadness,  
Our roses wither and our palms evanish;  
Scarce an illusion in our spirits lingers,  
And in our sterile souls we are as beggars.

War they preach to us, with ferocious eagles,  
Gerfalcons of past years to our wrists returning;  
No longer gleams, of ancient blades, the glories;  
Gone Rodrigos, Jaimes, Alfonsos, Nuños!

In want of the valor by great things dowered,  
What shall we poets do but haunt the lakelets?  
In lieu of laurels, what more sweet than roses?  
So lacking victories, we seek caresses.

Spanish America, like entire Europe,  
Is fixed in the orient of its baleful fate;  
I question the Sphynx that awaits the future,  
Making thy bent neck my interrogation.

Shall we be delivered to fierce barbarians?  
Men, so many millions; shall we speak English?  
No brave gentlemen, no great hidalgos;  
Let us be silent now; we shall weep later.

I have cast my cry, O swans, among you  
Who have been faithful in my disillusion,  
While I hear the flight of American colts  
And the last death-rattle of the dying lion.

And a black swan said: "Night announces  
the dayspring;"  
A white one: "Dawn is immortal. Aurora  
Is immortal." O lands of sun and music,  
The box of Pandora with hope is still heavy.

Ethnic sentiments, a sense of danger and of glory, of the greatness and the decadence of the race, inspired the poet to sing other songs, no less beautiful with an antique beauty, so expressive and so profound, weirdly strange and penetrating, and with a subtile harmony in which the soul of the race seems to palpitate dolorous, loving, longing, as in the popular melodies of anonymous singers, that they will be considered the glory of the Castilian people, language and poetry.

Darío was melancholy and grave. In this epoch of pretentious and futile literature, he has known how to be sober and sad, without *morgue* and without pedantry.

He uttered, without grandiose words, without clamor, without declamations, without fine writing, very discreetly and soberly, his eternal dream of beauty and love, the manifold and fugitive sensations he experienced in the presence of the world; the sadness of his restless soul, melancholy and exquisite as the bloom of the poppy that cherishes precious treasures. Without wishing to do so, perhaps, he summarizes the whole history of his soul in these stanzas that are as spiritual, inspired, tender, fluid and harmonious as the sublime harmonies of Parsifal, and in which weeps the sorrow of Gaspar Hauser, with which he opens his *Cantos de vida y esperanza*:

I am he who yesterday uttered only  
The azure verse and the unhallowed music,  
Whose night time a tender nightingale gladdened,  
Which on the morrow turned into a skylark.

This melancholy, this sovereign melancholy, so penetrative and reflective, floods his most beautiful poems. There is felt in reading, for example, the two *Nocturnos* found in the second part of *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, this same elegant and discreet but pertinacious sadness, the incurable *spleen*<sup>1</sup> of elect

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—Editor's note.

souls that perfumes the verses of the genial and incomparable English poet, John Keats. In these two nocturnes to which I refer, the total of the poet is there: pure form, lofty and serene inspiration, very delicate and Hellenic feeling.

Rubén Darío cultivated the bitter science that informed the pessimistic quatrains<sup>1</sup> of Omar Khayyam: the ironical and wise, *horae nocturnae* of the impotent and sorrowful dream. Yet he was not as one afflicted, an unfortunate, a tormented soul torturing itself in order to show forth clearly the vision of his pain, one vanquished and unsubmitive in his poetic pessimism, a wreck that drifts like a dismantled bark in the tempestuous sea of existence, without hope, wanting a course by which to steer. His pessimism was nothing more than the *morne incuriosité* of which Baudelaire tells us. He knew the world is not a garden of delights, that human existence is full of misery and suffering of all kinds. He did not martyrize himself like Leopardi and Quental, for instance, in clamoring against the world and in blaspheming life. Rather, on the contrary, he proclaimed that "life is pure and beautiful, sweet and serious," and that sorrow is a stimulant to life. He says somewhere:

The earth is pregnant with so profound a sorrow  
That the dreamer, imperial, meditative,  
Suffers with the agonized heart of the world.

Affliction, bitterness, delirium may be formulated. They may be the mark of the soul. They may serve as an index to the state of the spirit; but when they profess to have a value in themselves, they are intolerable.

The supreme good of souls is a great inward peace, an infinite comfort, the adoration of sorrow *quand même* of existence. The only attitude, in truth, that may be deemed compatible with the moral greatness of the individual is that mentioned by Nietzsche: *amor fati*. He must love his destiny, love his fatality, love what he is, love what he ought to be. He will not attempt to change any part of the past or of the future; he will consider it as

existing eternally. He will not barely endure necessity, even less will he dissemble it, inasmuch as all idealism is a lie in the presence of necessity—but he will *love it*.

Such is the attitude of noble souls; and this has been the attitude of the poet. He has been able to confront sorrow with the majesty of his genius: while suffering he sang, instead of keeping dumb. There is in these songs, in an accent but slightly common in modern poetry, somewhat of the ardent wisdom of Goethe; for to elevate art to the highest problems of life is given to genius alone.

Darío puts into his verses what there is in him of the best, a rare and strange nobility, comparable only to what Hamlet, the solitary of Elsinor, puts into his monologues. The vision, the thought and the sensibility of Darío are profound because of their very purity, and, like his art, they aspire to the greatness and the strength of perfection. At no time has Castilian verse approached more nearly the inward beauties that characterize the English poetry of the early days of the nineteenth century than in *Prosas profanas* and *Cantos de amor y esperanza*.

Truly, Rubén Darío was a rare being, a pure and extreme artist, a supreme poet. In the world, he loved art alone. He was a splendid manifestation of the *will to live*, not merely in his books alone, but in his life through and through, and in the things that surrounded him.

So, in distinction from the base and frivolous literature that may be acquired in the world's open markets at three and half francs, he conceived of an exaltedly pure poetry—inaccessible to the mind of the multitudes, created to give pleasure to rare and refined spirits—clothed in mystery and dreams, and imperative in the devotion it demanded of the faithful.

His profession of faith is embodied in these lines from the preface to *Cantos de vida y esperanza*:

My respect for the aristocracy of thought, for the nobility of art, is always the same. My ancient hatred of mediocrity, of intellectual mulattoism, of esthetic flat-nosedness, is scarcely diminished to-day by a reasoned in-

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—Editor's note.

difference. When I said that my poetry was "mine of myself," I presented the first condition of my existence, without any pretense whatever of causing sectarianism in the minds or wills of others, and with an intense love of the absolute in beauty.

Incapable of the least compromise in respect of art, setting before all things his mission as an adorer and a diffuser of eternal beauty, he considered that the poet ought to attend solely to his art, and to increasing as much as possible the human dream of beauty.

. . . couvrir de beauté la misère du monde,

as Verhaeren has said. Art is the aim of life, and the universe has no other reason for being and no other end than to achieve a work that will be a marvelous synthesis of all our dreams and all our sorrows.

Rubén Darío, I repeat, was a spirit, ductile and winged, subtle and agile, as one might say of a Greek *airy spirit*,<sup>1</sup> and his art, composed of a grace, spiritual, strange, silent and penetrating, is a complex and difficult secret.

In order to discern the deep beauty, the intimate nature and the process of his poetry, it is necessary to analyze his work, like some precious and fragile object, with a lens and with delicate precautions, approaching it with the same curiosity with which the hagiographer interprets a passage of the sacred books, or with the same affection with which the herbalist implores a flower to tell him its secrets.

I shall not do this, however. My intention has been to set down the most general and evident characteristics of his splendid talent. As English a term as *etherial*,<sup>1</sup> applied by Ruskin to the subtle poetry of the sublime singer of *The Blessed*

*Damozel*,<sup>1</sup> will stand, as the purest note in human song, and *The House of Life*<sup>1</sup> of Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, called by Yeats the most *felicitous* of poets, and with whom the author of *Prosas profanas* has great mental affinity, explain, define and perhaps sum up most completely, the ideas, the spirit and the work of Rubén Darío.

There is no criticism, not even that of the most erudite, subtle and perspicacious, that can give an exact expression of the emotion that is felt while reading these poems and while collecting, penetrating and feeling the riches, the magnificence and the thousand beauties they contain. I am of those who affirm that a work of art is not to be explained, analyzed, commented upon: *it is to be felt*. This is one of the evident superiorities, an absolute proof of its beauty, one of its admirable privileges.

No one can tell why a work is beautiful. Charles Grolleau writes:

Poetry has this of the divine: it escapes, whether because of its essence or whether because of its manifestations, the gilded falsehoods of exhibitions and museums. It is either understood or it is not understood. It is a question of deafness or of clear spiritual hearing; but it may not be sundered from the inward life, from what is musical expression, in order to stamp it dead against the walls of a gallery. Therefore, immobilized in human language, it shares in some measure in its infirmities, the greatest of which is to be multi-form, which limits its power from the double point of view of expression and of universal transmission. The best verses are but a weak echo of the harmonies which the poets perceive.

Art is that smile of mystery and disillusion which can be so marvelously felt in the portrait of Mona Lisa, and which Leonardo da Vinci reproduced in his marbles and tapestries.

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—*Editor's note*.

<sup>1</sup>English title quoted in the original.—*Editor's note*.

# THE PARRICIDE

BY

FROILAN TURCIOS

(An Honduran sketch of a sordid but violent tragedy that resulted from the constant goadings heaped by a drunkard upon his wife and son.)

IN THE kitchen of a straw hut a fire was burning brightly. Jacinto went into the vegetable garden and came back with three large yuccas and a bunch of bananas. With a fragment of a knife blade his mother tore the skin off the vegetables and set them to cook in an earthenware bowl. Then she strung a long strip of jerked beef on a switch of *camalote*<sup>1</sup> and placed it near the blaze.

In a wretched hammock of *cabuya*<sup>2</sup> Jacinto lay meditating. Ideas darted back and forth confusedly across his crude boy mind. He saw in front of the hearth the poor old woman whom he loved so much, immovable, her face wrinkled, and her eyes dull, like those of a weary animal. She was killing herself by working from daybreak until midnight: in their miserable hovel, in the garden, on the river; never having a minute's rest, always on the go from one place to another; her coarse rags trailing after her; weak and thin, yet never uttering a word of complaint. And all for what? Just in order that her brute of a husband, exasperated by drink, might abuse her continually without any reason. As far back as Jacinto could remember, it had always been the same: his mother slaving under a bestial yoke, and his father lounging about the roadsides, gross and drunken, his mouth overflowing with foul language and his hard fist upraised. Jacinto himself had been kicked by him a hundred times for the most trivial causes. This, however, did not matter. What did matter was that his father should beat his mother no more. The day before, in a moment of fury, Jacinto had threatened to kill him if he laid his hands upon

the unhappy woman again. His father began to pour upon him the vilest of insults, but he checked himself abruptly when he caught sight of Jacinto's lowering face.

Evening descended saffron and lugubrious. April was shedding her hours, long and hot, upon the fields of Olancho but lately burnt over for the next sowing. The noise of the katydids filled the air with monotony and tedium. Groups of chattering parrots grazed the tall *guapinoles*, and the distant murmurs from out the watery gorge were lost in the sound of the wind as it swayed the leaves and lifted puffs of white dust along the trails.

The old man was killing time in the *pacera*, and he would not be long in arriving drunk with *coyol*.<sup>1</sup>

The boy, a prey to dull foreboding, turned in the hammock, thinking of what might happen soon. The smell of the roast meat made him glance again toward the kitchen. Near the door the old woman stood in prayer. About her all continued in silence.

A harsh voice sounded in the patio.

"Is that donkey of a Jacinto in there? I have come to give him a kicking for his threats of yesterday. I shall teach the dog how to respect his father!"

It was a countryman some sixty years of age, tall, raw-boned, hard, strong. His hands were like claws, his eyes like the eyes of a wildcat. Jacinto did not stir. He merely slipped his hand to his belt, from which hung in its leather sheath a short dagger.

The drunkard started toward the woman.

"Is supper ready?"

<sup>1</sup>A bush that grows along the water-courses.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>2</sup>*Cabulla* in Castilian; from it a kind of *pita*, a fiber not unlike henequén, is made.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>1</sup>A wine made from the juice of the *coyol*, a species of palm. *Pacera* is the name given to a cluster of coyol-trees already prepared for the extraction of the juice by having incisions made and spouts introduced.—*Editor's note.*

"Yes," she said; and over the cedar slab that served as a table she spread a cotton napkin bordered with a thick embroidery of red. Upon it she placed the banana, yucca and meat in a frying-pan. Beside it she set a cup of steaming *pinol*.<sup>1</sup>

"And the beans?"

"There are none," murmured the wretched creature in a voice scarcely audible. "They gave out this morning."

The old man, flying into a passion, burst out in abuse. He approached his wife, shouting into her face:

"Dost think, thou great brute, that I am not going to beat thee whenever I choose because I am afraid of thy son? I am going to boot the two of you to my heart's content!"

Crazed with suddenly aroused anger, the drunken man dashed the humble meal on the floor and, seizing the trembling woman by the hair, he forced her against the wall, striking her in the face with a coward's blows.

"Take that, idiot, for thy son," he cried; "and that and that. . . ."

He laughed a shrill and horrible laughter, and the noise of his blows resounded as they fell in quick succession upon the unfortunate woman.

No longer able to contain himself, Jacinto arose from the hammock with a sudden bound and appeared in the doorway of the kitchen armed with his dagger.

At the sound of his steps the old man turned. With incredible rapidity he un-

sheathed the knife that never left his side. Darting toward his son, he aimed a terrible blow at his head. But Jacinto, small in body, was very agile. He ducked, and the blade of steel severed a broad splinter from the forked support of the entry.

The drunkard, entirely lucid in this access of his fury, chased him about the narrow spaces of the kitchen. Three times he just missed bringing him down by savagely hurling at him all the heavy objects he could lay his hands on: the blunt machete for splitting hard pine, the *mano de piedra*<sup>1</sup> and a blazing firebrand. Jacinto darted now behind the oven, now behind the cedar slab of a table, slipping like a shadow hither and thither, and wriggling like a serpent. The old woman, filled with terror, flung herself between the two, supplicating, weeping, and receiving brutal shoves from the frantic old man. . . .

There came a moment in their dreadful struggle when Jacinto slipped on a banana skin. His enemy sprang upon him, roaring like a wild beast. Quick as a flash the boy was on his feet, however. Backing away, and using all the strength of his arm, he dealt his father a tremendous blow in the neck with his dagger, which felled him shivering in the doorway.

Then Jacinto left the kitchen. As he passed over the dead body stretched upon the floor, he made the sign of the cross.

Within, in a corner, the old woman continued to pray in silence.

<sup>1</sup>A mixture of powdered vanilla, aromatic spices and sugar, highly esteemed as an ingredient to use with cacao in the preparation of chocolate. *Pinol* or *pinole* is taken with or without the cacao.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>1</sup>A hard, hewn stone, eight or ten inches long, two inches or so in thickness at the centre, and tapering toward the ends, used as the movable piece in grinding corn by hand on the *metate* or low stone bench.—*Editor's note.*



# THE CONGRESS OF TUCUMÁN

BY

PABLO GROUSSAC

(The author, acquainted with Tucumán, the seat of Argentine independence, as it was some fifty years ago, gives a description of the town of that period, with the thought that it had not then changed greatly since the memorable Congress of the Independence, held in 1816. He next sketches the events that led to the Congress, analyzes the human elements that composed it and discusses its achievements. In conclusion, he expresses the conviction that the childish delays and futile discussions of the opening days, on which he lays stress, were redeemed at length by the choice of wise leadership, the adoption of sound constitutional principles and the decision to push the war on the west coast by sending San Martín across the Andes.)

## I

### *Sancta simplicitas*

THE SIMPLE little Tucumán that I enjoyed in my boyhood under the placid counselships of Frías y Helguera could not have been notably different from the sleepy town of heroic memory which, half a century earlier, gave shelter to the Sovereign Congress of the United Provinces. The architecture, it should be said at once, had not undergone any great alteration from the consecrated colonial style, which no one, without exaggeration, could qualify as fantastic or a striving after effect. After removing, mentally, be it understood, two or three monuments of baroque Italianism, unpaving the central streets, reducing to a common level of tin-roofed and shedded houses the undulating crests of the buildings, lopping off, finally, some elevated stories whose excessive balconies here and there audaciously marred the harmony of neighboring cornices, there would remain in its essentials the San Miguel of the Independence.

To represent it worthily there were still left in those days of the '70's, side by side with others in a more modern style, several examples almost intact of the great house of vast depth, built, at all costs, in the times of the viceroys, with its tiled entry and its front court filled with plants that gladdened the ample living-rooms protected from the sun and rain by elevated corridors over whose cedar pillars trailed the honeysuckle and the jasmine; with its reception hall facing the street where were exhibited, even more than in the wrought silver of the

dining-room, the luxury and good taste of persons of fashion; flowered carpets, furniture of mahogany and damask, a central pendant chandelier with five branches, each of them bearing a fringed lamp, tables and corner cabinets overloaded with knickknacks, exquisite filigrees from Perú, and, beneath a crystal lantern, some Virgin of painted plaster overlaid with glass beads. Last of all, upon the whitewashed walls, threatening the sofa of state or my young lady's piano, a passable ancestral portrait of a matron in ringlets, with gown cut low and ruched about the neck, or of a grand gentleman of the frilled shirt and bushy pompadour, serious, stiff, cataleptic but not ridiculous, thanks to the absence of presumption and to the sincere worship which they offered to the venerated relics.

It is thus that I found not a few manorial houses, still inhabited by scions of patrician stock whose names adorned the local annals, and in some cases, even the history of the republic.<sup>1</sup>

## II

The inhabitant of the Tucumán of that period showed himself to be less changed than his dwelling. The rapid transformation in customs that we have witnessed, from thirty years ago to the present, is here

<sup>1</sup>Two paragraphs are omitted here, since in them the author gives a description of a dozen or so important Tucumán families, members of which figured more or less prominently in the history of the province or of the republic, but none of whom, with the exception of Alberdi, were of international importance. —Editor's note.

the result of a giddy, double, "centrifugal and centripetal" movement (as don Hermógenes would say), which keeps the social mass in constant revolution, thus discharging outward native molecules, while it draws in with excessive eagerness substances from without. In other words, the country is becoming denationalized, partly by frequent travel and the contact of its sons with superior and impregnating civilizations, but above all by the intimate and definitive incorporation of exotic elements. Be that as it may, no one is ignorant of what slight effect upon the Tucumán of the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century was this going and coming, this "interchange," as the English say, that signifies progress to peoples in formation. A trip to Buenos Aires (we do not say, to Europe) in a prairie-schooner or by post seemed a perilous adventure that many of the well-to-do inhabitants of the interior hesitated to undertake, and few repeated. On the other hand, it is well known with what infinitesimal doses of foreign ideas the provincial visitors of that time to "the big village" could contaminate themselves. As for the extremely slight inflow of European immigration that would have fallen to the lot of Tucumán in the course of that half-century, in a short time its scattered units were dissolved into the homogeneous environment.

All the natural or sociological factors tended therefore to maintain untouched the traditional habits of the people—even those that later were to change into agents of transformation. A mediterranean isolation, the ease of agricultural life in a varied climate, with a soil of extreme fertility, so diversified within its narrow limits as to be equally favorable to the chief products of both the temperate and the tropical zone, all promoted a well-being that resulted in a certain delicacy of fiber, a native good nature which, during the brief misrule of the province, sufficed to preserve it from the excesses and cruelties that stained the other provinces with blood. The very festivals, fixed and unchanging, of an enchanting country, which, in its frame of woods and mountain ridges, is ignorant of the rigors of harsh weather, seemed to perpetuate the wholesome cus-

toms of other years. I still treasure the sensation of cheer and comfort produced by contact with the natural scenery of Tucumán and the welcome of its people, the one as pleasant as a caress, the other as cordial as an adoption.

Certainly it was not difficult for me—my youthful confidence coöperating—to initiate at once what Sarmiento, apropos of a certain *Ensayo histórico*, called by way of eulogy, the "identification" of the author with the life of Tucumán. To revive the dead past, the present came to my aid. Men lent voice to things mute. There still remained many old men who were eye-witnesses of the great days, and who evoked for me with senile profusion those impressive recollections of their adolescence, the last that glimmer in the twilight of memory. Not a few of them, as splinters torn away by the storms of civil strife, had known the bitterness and poverty of exile. Upon their return, however, after long years dragged out on the hard trails of dreary Bolivia or rugged Chile, when at length they saw undulating in the distance the summits of their mountains and then the familiar towers of their native city, they had the sudden evidence of their errors, accompanied by a belated regret. They recognized the plaza "wherein they played as little ones," they entered the vacant old manor-house, lighted anew the cold hearth upon the ashes of bygone years, called many absent ones who could no longer answer. With the emotions of a prodigal son, added to the experiences of a pilgrim, those rebels of yesterday turned into peaceful citizens, ranchmen or farmers, believing with the *Escarmentado* of Voltaire, without having read it, that the worship of the household gods sums up the whole of human wisdom and happiness. Thus it happened, partly beneath that pacifying influence, as subsequently in the small and rich province, relatively tranquil amid the upheaval which preceded the reorganization of the nation, that it was able to give asylum to many of the proscribed of the neighboring provinces, welcoming them gladly to the oasis of its gardens and its springs.

For this very reason, in conformity with the ancient symbol that makes of every

human existence an open circle, whose ends draw nearer together day by day until they unite on the last, the eye-witnesses of that epoch preferred to tell us of the years of springtime, when their juvenile illusions mingled with those of the country, as young and deluded as themselves. Thus it is that of the annals of Tucumán, handed down by word of mouth, what we know best are not the sterile battles of La Ciudadela or Famaillá, but the scenes of civic enthusiasm and pure rejoicing of the year 1816, when the predestined city, already anointed by the repulse of the Spanish invasion, entertained the memorable Congress which, with all its stumblings and chimeras, had the unique glory of overcoming both untoward circumstances and dismal prophecies, and making the world hear the first cries of the newborn nation.

### III

In the early part of March, 1816, the deputies of the provinces began to arrive, some on horseback, but the most of them in prairie-schooners. Some from Cuyo came on gait-mules, followed by pack-mules with their loads of handbags and leather-bound trunks. Among the first to arrive, along with six or seven from Buenos Aires, were those from Upper Perú,<sup>1</sup> almost all of whom proceeded from Salta or Jujuy,<sup>2</sup> where many had fled when their homes were occupied by the enemy. Afterward came successively the delegates from Córdoba, Cuyo, La Rioja and Catamarca. It was a little later that Santiago and Salta were incorporated.

The elections of Tucumán were annulled several times on account of technical errors, this succeeding in "wearying overmuch," says the *Redactor*, "the attention of the Congress." At last, in June, Dr. Pedro M. Aráoz and Canon Thames were accepted, upon the resignation of don Serapio de Arteaga, which, arriving at the last minute, was denounced by Medrano, the president, as "discourtesy to authority." The elections of both grades were made theoretically in accordance with the rules of the

*Estatuto provincial*, which were formulated with as much complexity as those of ancient Venice. From the artifices disclosed by the elections of Tucumán, the only ones that were closely scrutinized, it may be imagined how the votes were computed in other localities, "where they were given *viva voce*."

Nevertheless, the votes, more or less influenced by the local authorities, fell, for the most part, upon persons of high position and worthy, by their character or their learning, of the trust imposed on them by the "people." It is true that among those elected, the clergy, and especially the secular orders, predominated; but this defect was not so much attributable to errors of procedure, as to the structure itself of the social organism, whose directive class thus came to be well represented. It would be idle to record the names of the clerical members who formed the majority of the Assembly. Its leaders, Oro, Sáenz, Rodríguez, Castro Barros, are familiar to every Argentine. If I had the space to sketch the group, perhaps I should depart a little from the traditional appraisal of the respective merits of these clerical patriots, notably with regard to the last named, the supposed author of the manifestoes that he perhaps hardly signed, a grotesquely pompous orator, both in the pulpit and on the platform, a violent fanatic, with a hankering for the cloister, who brought before the Congress no motion that did not involve reaction or the proscription of some liberty. Neither does it appear to me to be demonstrated, as Avellaneda would have it, that the renowned clerical group showed itself superior in enlightenment or patriotism to the laic one, composed of Pueyrredón, Paso, Anchorena, Bulnes, Laprida, Godoy, Cruz and the Chuquisacan,<sup>1</sup> Serrano, who, despite his youth, had been a member of the Committee of Observation in Buenos Aires, and, as such, co-editor of the *Estatuto*.

Many of the members, the friars, as a matter of course, were lodged in the

<sup>1</sup> *Alto Perú*, now Bolivia.

<sup>2</sup> Argentine provinces to the north of Tucumán.

<sup>1</sup> From Chuquisaca, a department of Bolivia. The capital bore the name of Chuquisaca until 1840, when it was changed to Sucre, the name of one of the present two capitals of Bolivia, the other capital being La Paz.—*Editor's note*.

monasteries of San Francisco and Santo Domingo; others, in the houses of the priests Molina, Colombres, Thames and the ex-Jesuit Villafañe. Don Juan Martín Pueyrredón and some others accepted the invitation of several families that vied with each other in offering them the most cordial hospitality. In view of the characteristics of the guests and the disposition of the hosts, it goes without saying that there was no lack of excursions to the country or of household entertainments while waiting for the belated members. For the recently arrived, whose ages ran from the young Serrano—who was not long in inflicting some sentimental wounds—to the mature Pueyrredón, those hours of repose, spent amid the double enchantment of the women and the Tucumán countryside, would have been of indescribable charm, had they not been disturbed from time to time by the rumble of distant thunders that seemed to surround the privileged quarter with a ring of threats and dangers.

An article of the *Estatuto provisional* required that two-thirds of the Congress be present before it should begin its sessions. This proportion was reached in the middle of March, with the arrival of twenty-one members. The preliminary sessions (not the ordinary, as some have said) were held in the house of don Bernabé Aráoz, while the modest preparations for a meeting-place were under way. The house, given by the widow Laguna, remained just as it was, with its rudely ornamented front, its main door flanked with heavy spiral columns, and on each side a window with a full grating. The whole depth of the front court, in the centre of which rose a splendid orange-tree, and an adjoining room, constituted a large reception hall. One room was made of these two rooms by tearing out the division wall; and thus was formed the Hall of Sessions, capable of holding two hundred people. Almost as many more could find place beneath a tiled gallery and could take part, after a fashion, in the proceedings, thanks to the two doors that opened into the hall. Don Bernabé contributed the table-desk, with its articles, and the solid presidential chair, which probably exists still; some of the chairs for the delegates were brought from San Francisco, but

most of them from Santo Domingo, as the fathers were absent, living at Lules.<sup>1</sup>

The solemn opening of the Congress, under the presidency of Dr. Medrano, a delegate from Buenos Aires, took place on March 24, after the religious ceremonies, which were then indispensable. The presidential functions were renewed from month to month (save that, as an exception, the term of Dr. Medrano was lengthened by having added the last week of March to his proper one of April), the president and vice-president being elected at the first session of each month. To the happy chance of occupying the chair during the month of July, the honored deputy from San Juan, don Francisco Narciso Laprida, owes a great part of his celebrity (nothing being known of his tragic end in El Pilar for many years). In addition to the legitimate glory attached to him as heading the list of the signers of the immortal Declaration, he appears before the world, and he is thus designated by Sarmiento in twenty places in his works, as "the President of the Congress of Tucumán." As a matter of fact, he presided one month, neither more nor less than his immediate predecessor and successor, Dr. Bustamante and Dr. Thames whom nobody remembers: *habent sua fata præsides*.

As secretaries, were elected Dr. Paso and Dr. Serrano, who, it appears, were actually the chief authors of the manifestoes and communications of the Congress. In April the office of assistant secretary was created. It was filled by Dr. José Agustín Molina, a very illustrious priest, although an incorrigible rimester, whose name has continued popular as bishop and poet equally *in partibus*. It is likely that he wrote the minutes of the sessions, which were published at irregular intervals in Buenos Aires, and form, up to the time of the removal of the Congress, the first nineteen numbers of the *Redactor del Congreso*. The official editor was Friar Cayetano Rodríguez, who was in the habit of embellishing the true records with "editorials" couched in the emphatic style of the bad taste of the times. Though

<sup>1</sup>A suburb of Tucumán that nestles among the foothills of the cordillera of the Andes.—*Editor's note.*

slovenly, like everything else connected with him, they are of exceptional importance, in that they reflect faithfully, if only partially, like a cracked mirror, the physiognomy of the historic Assembly.

#### IV

In accordance with its edict of convocation, the principal object of the Sovereign Congress was to draw up a constitution for the United Provinces. This concrete program, which would have seemed naturally and plausibly to pertain to the morrow of the May day, or that of the battle of Tucumán, assumed, in the present circumstances, the aspect of a sermon preached before a tipsy rabble in order to restrain its misbehavior. The "United" Provinces! We shall not mention those who spoke Aimará or Guaraní, who, owing merely to their inclusion in the factitious solidarity of the viceregency, were, thanks be to God, shortly to flock by themselves again. Of those who were really related by race and history, four lateral branches had promptly withdrawn to group themselves about a chance leader, a tricky, feline upstart, to whom a benighted patriotism to-day pays the tribute of a degrading worship, though destined to disappear beneath the approaching wave of civilization, at least, we may venture to hope as much of a people so modern and so headed toward the light as its very name proclaims. At the other extremity of the territory, Salta and Jujuy also suffered from the sway of local chieftains, although ennobled by their banner of resistance to the invader. La Rioja and Santiago were about to enter upon an era of scandalous and bloody outrages. Córdoba itself, Córdoba of the cap and gown, had succumbed to the lure of the Artiguist<sup>1</sup> aberration; and when she reacted partially, by sending her delegates to Tucumán, it was to constitute them agents of disturbance and a focus of "federalist" propaganda. Against these early tendencies, hostile to nationality, there stood practically alone the city of Buenos Aires, the historic capital of the

vicereignty and the glorious cradle of emancipation, with her natural preponderance in population, wealth, initiative and manifold talents; but at that time humbled and impoverished, drained of men and resources, with the virus of anarchy in her vitals, abandoned to shadowy governments lacking both vigor and prestige and equally helpless in the face of street uprisings and littoral barbarities. Although weakened and humiliated, there still remained to the city of the Reconquest and of the Revolution her reserve of high enlightenment. When therefore she was confronted with the task of electing her delegates, she had only to select from her civic roll the names of Paso, Sáenz, Darragueira, Anchorena, Gazcón, Medrano, Friar Cayetano Rodríguez, to which were shortly to be added those of Pueyrredón and Belgrano (the latter, however, without the title of representative), in order that the spirit of the metropolis should penetrate narrower precincts and form a stable combination—which exists even to-day—with the generous local environment, for the protection of the frail cradle of nationality against the sudden perils of the separatist instinct and the vagaries of an Incaic reaction.

The thankless beginnings of the Congress are well enough known. They are reflected in the dry columns of the *Redactor*, which during the first three months might well have modified its motto to read: *Steriles transmittimus dies*. Like a becalmed ship in a tropical sea, with her sails flapping idly against her masts, the Congress frittered away its almost daily sessions in vain discussions over titles of courtesy, citizenship papers, letters patent, and efforts at obtaining loans, which only amounted to levies on the Spanish merchants, in order to pay employees and troops. Besides, it dispatched commissions to the ravaged rebel provinces, and occupied itself with reading and discussing the official reports, generally doleful, of the provincial governments and of the army. It was like a dismal wrangling of monks in a chapter-house while hostile hordes beat upon the walls of the city. At last, on May 2, a new communication from Buenos Aires, concerning the resignation of the provisional director, in-

<sup>1</sup> Derived from José Artigas, born in Montevideo, 1755, died in Paraguay, 1851; an early revolutionary leader who took part in the establishment of Uruguay as a national entity.—*Editor's note*.

creased the urgency of naming the incumbent. On the day following, after a solemn mass of rogation had been sung in all the churches, there occurred, with virtual unanimity, the election of General don Juan Martín de Pueyrredón as supreme director. He was a splendid specimen of the higher bourgeois of the port,<sup>1</sup> valiant, judicious, as elegant morally as physically, a gentleman in every sense of the word. This extremely wise designation, truly providential, since it was the only one that could save the country from impending catastrophe, and resolve its solvable problems, that of the expedition of San Martín included, redeemed many sessions of drowsy delay and futile prattle.

On July 1, with the election of the new monthly president, don Francisco Narciso Laprida, a delegate from San Juan, and the presence of the supreme director, who had returned from Salta, a spirit of unwonted activity seemed to animate the Assembly. On the sixth, General Belgrano had been admitted in secret session for the purpose of explaining his ideas upon the future form of government and the opinion of Europe regarding the United Provinces. Everybody knows his muddled conclusions in favor of a limited monarchy with the enthronement of some Huaína,<sup>2</sup> more or less Capac, who should be manufactured, since, as was the case, no legitimate representative of the race could be found. This Inca apparition, however, gave the signal for an outburst of mockery from Buenos Aires, which sufficed to dispel the ridiculous phantom.

The entire week was occupied in elaborating a memorandum of the subjects with which the Congress should deal. The items were seventeen in number. At the head of the list was the celebrated *Manifesto*, the work of Paso, followed by the Declaration of Independence, and discussion as to a form of government. As for the projected constitution, which came next in order, it was prudently postponed—

so well postponed, in fact, that it did not see the light for two years, the *Reglamento* remaining in force in the interval.

On Tuesday, July 9, an ordinary session was held, in which the previous memorandum was read, and an end was made of the long debate upon the system of voting, put forward by the delegate Anchorena. At two o'clock in the afternoon the great act began. It was a "clear and beautiful" day, according to an extract from a manuscript belonging to the family of Aráoz. A large gathering, in which for the first time "nobles and commons" mingled together, filled the hall and the adjacent galleries. On the motion of Dr. Sánchez de Bustamante, a delegate from Jujuy, priority was given to the resolution to "deliberate upon the liberty and independence of the country." There was no discussion. To the question, pronounced in a loud voice by Secretary Paso: "Shall the Provinces of the Union be a nation free and independent of the sovereigns of Spain?" the delegates replied by a single acclamation, which was transmitted like echoing thunder to the throng in the galleries, the court and the street. Afterward the vote was taken by roll-call. It resulted unanimous. In the meantime, the immortal Declaration had been inscribed. Only one signature was wanting, that of delegate Corro, absent with despatches. There was no other public manifestation on this day, the announced festivities being put off until the following day.

Beginning with the morning of the tenth, the ceremonies of the day of the inauguration were repeated with still greater rejoicing and pomp. At nine o'clock in the morning, the delegates and authorities assembled in the congressional house, and set out in a body for the cathedral of San Francisco. At the head of the train was Supreme Director Pueyrredón, with President Laprida and Governor Aráoz on either side. A double file of troops from the garrison lined the route to the church. The main plaza, still free of pyramids and columns, was thronged by the populace in holiday attire, like a swarm of ants, moving to and fro: artisans in their slouch hats and jackets, countrymen in top-boots, with ponchos over their shoulders, bedizened

<sup>1</sup>"Of the port" is a translation of *porteño*, an adjective descriptive of a dweller in the port, that is, in Buenos Aires.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>2</sup>An allusion to the family of *Huaína Capac*, an Inca of Cuzco, called the "Great" and "Conqueror."—*Editor's note.*

*Cholas*<sup>1</sup> with red kerchiefs about their heads and plaits hanging loose, their dazzling white teeth contrasting sharply with their eyes of jet and their skins of bronze.

Not a single person of "quality" was to be seen, all without exception being in the official party, except here and there a muffled miss who, spry as a partridge, hastened toward the convent, showing involuntarily—or voluntarily—below her abbreviated silk skirts the lacings of her tiny shoes crisscrossed over her ankles. About every corner hung bunches of mounted gauchos, smoking their corn-husk cigarettes, each of them with his coiled rope resting on his thigh.

After the solemn mass and the sermon, preached by Dr. Castro Barros, the retinue left the church in the same order, amid salvos and music, headed toward the house of Aráoz, the governor, where, the congressional hall being in the hands of the organizers of the ball, a brief session was held for the purpose of conferring upon the supreme director the rank of brigadier, and of appointing Belgrano as commander-in-chief of the army of Perú, to replace Rondeau, who was as greatly discredited after the defeat of Sipe Sipe, as Belgrano himself was after that of Ayohuma.

This same afternoon Pueyrredón took the road for Córdoba, where he arrived on the fifteenth, after having traveled in less than five days the entire distance of a hundred and fifty leagues by post, which was, indeed, no small feat. There, before continuing on to Buenos Aires, he held with San Martín, who came expressly and secretly from Mendoza, the memorable interview of two days that settled the Chilean campaign and, it may be, the independence of South America.

The grand ball of July 10 has become legendary in Tucumán. How many times have not my old friends of both sexes, who had witnessed and taken part in that memorable function, recounted to me its glories! Of those manifold narratives I retain in memory only a medley and jumble of lights and melodies, garlands of

flowers and patriotic emblems, brilliant or sombre patches of uniforms or citizens' dress, petticoats and coat-tails in full swing, vague glimpses of dancing couples, in a merry tumult of voices, laughter and snatches of conversation that smothered the feeble orchestra of a violin and a piano-forte. Heroes and heroines stand out in the story according to the fancy of the teller. If you credit doña Gertrudis Zavalía, it was the charming General Belgrano and Colonels Álvarez and López, the two talented secretaries of the Congress, the wit Juan José Paso and the author Serrano who monopolized the *salón*. Listening to don Arcadio Talavera, one got the impression that it was for the most part an affair of nothing but "beardless" misses, as he would say. There pass before my eyes, as on a somewhat blurred film,<sup>1</sup> all the beauties of the last sixty years: Cornelia Muñecas; Teresa Gramajo, and her cousin Juana Rosa, the "intended" of San Martín; the enticing and the enticed Dolores Helguero, at whose feet the victor of Tucumán renewed his youth, finding at her side as much tranquility and consolation as he found torment with Madame Pichegru.

All these sexagenarian chronicles agreed on one point, however, and that was in proclaiming as queen and crown of the fête the delightful Lucía Aráoz, merry and golden as a ray of sunshine, to whom the whole population rendered homage, dubbing her affectionately "rubia de la patria" (blonde of the fatherland). In order that she might lack nothing, she had to change herself a little later into an Iris of peace between the hostile factions, Capulets and Montagues from the back country, that, as I have said elsewhere, made poetry without knowing it, when Lucía, conquering her keen opposition, decided to bestow her white hand upon Governor Javier López, up to that time the mortal enemy of the house of Aráoz.

Despite the minute and detailed study that our historians have devoted to the Congress of 1816, it seems to me that there remains to be given, nevertheless, a precise and categorical answer to a natural

<sup>1</sup> From the Aymarí *Chulu*, equivalent to the Spanish *mestizo*; it is descriptive of the civilized Indian or of the cross between the Indian and the European. In Chile it is a nickname for the Peruvian.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—*Editor's note.*

question that arises. It is this: If, like all human undertakings, it was a mixture of good and bad, in what proportion were the two elements mingled? Perhaps the lacuna if it exists is to be explained by, and arises from, the fact that no one has cared to regard this assembly otherwise than as the first "act" of the political drama which was to be continued in Buenos Aires up to the adoption of the longed-for Constitution. Be that as it may, another opinion does not seem to be amiss. This view of the Congress of Tucumán, which considers it as a complete cycle, with its beginning and end, seeks to judge it on its own merits, leaving subsequent events out of question altogether. It is needless to say that, in pointing out the legitimacy of this purpose, I can not cherish the extravagant idea of realizing it with a stroke of the pen. It will be a great deal if I succeed in sketching roughly its chief features.

If we examine things closely and impartially, proof will be found that, in the entire course of that legislative period of almost a year, the aberrations were due in the main to circumstances whose unyielding intractability rendered futile the best intentions of men. Furthermore, there was manifest in Tucumán a very curious particularity in connection with a deliberative body, extremely inexperienced (it counted among its members only three deputies of the year '13, and two of these were from Upper Perú), and it is that its chief errors remained embalmed in its speeches and never cropped out in its resolutions. Foolish words were followed by acts of wisdom, and, in some instances, solemn and felicitous ones, as if the vote determined a mean between the extreme individual opinions of the Assembly, and, as it were, established its center of gravity. This is manifest in its three motions of capital importance—the three critical moments they might be termed—that signalized these sessions, namely: the nomination of the supreme director, the Declaration of Independence, and the debate upon the form of government. These memorable acts were more or less opposed by dissenting groups of the Congress. When the moment for voting arrived, however, the firm and patriotic stand of Buenos

Aires carried with it a majority, which, upon the first two questions at least, amounted to a practical unanimity.

The election of Pueyrredón, which I now consider to have been competent, not only established the authority of the Assembly before the country, but also gave an urgent and practical reality to the crossing of the Andes. The documentation of the historian Mitre has dispelled all the versions set on foot regarding the supposed disagreements between the director and General San Martín, which, it is said, were on the point of reaching a dramatic conclusion in the interview at Córdoba. Dreams and wanderings! Pueyrredón understood as well as his interlocutor, that as long as Spain held a base of operations on the continent, any regional emancipation would be precarious; and, since he comprehended this, the glorious Chilean campaign belongs to the realm of history rather than to that of fancy. This campaign was the result of the first great decree of the Congress of Tucumán.

Inasmuch as I wrote in my *Ensayo histórico*, some thirty years ago, that the Declaration of Independence proclaimed "what already existed," my illustrious friend Avellaneda believed that I had not given the act "its true importance," and he expressed himself to this effect in a critical study, in which he manifested much indulgence and cordiality toward me. It is not necessary for me to justify the phrase criticised: it is the exact expression of what has every appearance of truth, and it in no wise detracts from the importance or the grandeur of the glorious event, which, first of all, served to give notice to Spain and to the world of the accomplished fact of our Independence and of the vow to die in defense of the liberated country, fulfilled by all those whom destiny had chosen.

This heroic stroke was immediately followed—in what was the third great moment—by the spontaneous outburst of common sense against the insinuations and sophistries of a reactionary "indigenism," which attempted to throw the provinces of the Río de la Plata, now facing a luminous future, back into a past of ignorance and misery. It had its inception in the Congress, even before the revolt of public

opinion in Buenos Aires against the proposed "monarch in sandals," who turned out to be a sorry Indian of seventy-five, a kinsman of the chief Tupac-Amaru. Despite the fact that the most of the provincial deputies had shown themselves individually favorable to this extravagant aberration, the general opinion fluctuated until suddenly a protesting majority became solidified under the impulse of the moving and indignant words of Friar Justo de Santa María de Oro, the great Dominican Recollet, to whom his native city, worthily glorifying piety as much as genius, has erected a statue equal to that of Sarmiento.<sup>1</sup> Not only was the Indian monarchy left buried for ever in Cuzco, but the immutable idea of the republic was established.

What effect upon the history of Argentina would not the setting up of the Inca monstrosity have had if this Inca mummery had been realized? The answer comes so promptly and so spontaneously that the question is almost futile. The currents of history are not permanently changed, any more than those of nature, by an artificial deflection. Among the heights of Minas Geraes, upon the divide between the great basin of the Amazon and the Plata, there flow from the same field two brooks which diverge at the moment of formation, one of them going toward the north, the other toward the south. One is the source of the river São Francisco, the other that of the Paraná. So close together are they that, according to the story of the traveler Castelnau, it once occurred to the owner of the land in which they emerge from the ground to turn one of the streams into the other by means of a short ditch. This incident in no way concerns the new-born Paraná, which, strengthened a little farther down by other diminutive streams, would not be dried up by the temporary and unnoted loss of one of them, and the copious river continues its course toward the Plata, ever increasing as it receives the waters of a hundred tributaries along the way. Such would have happened with the current of history. The

enthronement of the Inca would not have set back by an hour the inevitable divorce. Upper Perú would have been left with her Huiracochas in Cuzco, as Bolivia would with her Ballivianes and Belzus in Chuquisaca, while Argentina would have proceeded with the completion of her proper organic development.

Ought the Congress of Tucumán to be condemned for having decided to transfer itself to Buenos Aires before taking up its constitutional task? I think this decision was no less wise than the previous decisions, of which it was the logical complement. Besides the manifest advantage of having the legislative power, as well as the executive, centralized in the capital of the republic, the modern and nationalist conception that ought to inform the recent and decided attitude of the Congress required the centralist atmosphere of Buenos Aires for its development in conformity with sane, constitutional doctrines. Here then was established the laboratory of the Constitution, that turned out to be probably the least practical but certainly the loftiest in spirit and the purest in principles that Spanish-American legislators have ever originated.

Too well we know what followed subsequently. All those pestilential theories had to be shattered by the test of practice, just as all the external victories must be shown to be incapable of exorcising internal evils. Reflecting upon the problems of Argentina, I think the eruption of a barbarous anarchy was not only inevitable but salutary, as a painful and sanguinary crisis which expelled the morbid poison, instead of retaining it in the organism, as might be seen elsewhere, to impoverish and vitiate it.

As to the rest, the generous impulses of the Congress of Tucumán were not wasted germs, nor may the noble principles of the Constitution of the year '19 be considered Utopian because they were premature. They fell on good, even if uncultivated, ground, and although choked for a long time by the brambles and thistles of ignorance, they contained within themselves a *resurgam* annunciatory of a new life that was to flower again on the day when this people, full grown and redeemed by misfortune, should be called upon to fulfil its glorious destiny.

<sup>1</sup>Which means that an equally good statue was erected to Oro, the embodiment of piety, as to Sarmiento, the expression of genius.—*Editor's note.*

# RODÓ

## AN EVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT OF ARIEL

BY

ARMANDO DONOSO

(The author accompanied Rodó, the Uruguayan man of letters, on a trip to the peak of Huelén, in Santiago, Chile. He pictures him standing in the summer-house, which surmounts the rocks, and viewing a sunset. In fancy, the summer-house is transformed into an ancient hall, peopled with mystic images, in which the "Master" faces a group of eager disciples. A colloquy ensues between the Master and a disciple (supposedly the author) in which the broad outlines of Rodó's philosophy are delineated.)

I OPEN the first page of the newspaper and the portrait of José Enrique Rodó makes me catch my breath. I pause for a few moments before reading, trying to quiet my sudden dread. Perhaps it is merely the announcement of a new book by the author of *Ariel*! No. A cable message, stating that Rodó has died in Rome; this and nothing more. Elsewhere in the daily a few flowers of amiable eulogy are shed upon his memory.

Yesterday Rubén Darío, to-day José Enrique Rodó: still young passed Darío the poet of *El canto errante*; in a premature hour, Rodó, the master of *Motivos de Proleto*.

The recollection of Rodó awakens in our emotions the grateful presence of days now long vanished. It will soon be seven years since his coming to the isolated corner of the Chilean soil, where, with Juan Zorilla de San Martín, in cordial representation of his country, he arrived at Santiago during the days of the September festivals when the first centenary of independence was being celebrated.

Hours of profound calm were they which we spent with him while he fled from the bustle of the city, reaching at length the flowery spot of Peñalolén, where it was a pleasant surprise to him to evoke the days that don Andrés Bello was pleased to enjoy in that fragrant nook. Then, escaping for a few hours from the exigencies of official etiquette, he sought the pleasant and verdant retreat of the peak of Huelén.

It is late in the afternoon of September 21. Far distant is the rout of official entertainments. Rodó is tired, worn out

with diplomatic frippery and the obligatory genuflections of the drawing-room. Only a few hours of his stay upon Chilean soil remain to him. His reticence, his reserve, his weariness, all show clearly enough that he does not feel well in this remote and provincial land of Chile. Remembering the bores by whom he has been surrounded, the insipid speeches he has listened to, the innumerable albums that have opened beguilingly for autographed gems from his pen, we comprehend his weariness and his desire to flee it all.

We had gone to get him at the Argentine legation. A few minutes later the carriage bears us toward the entrance to the peak of Huelén. Rodó said to us: "Before leaving, perhaps for ever, let us go and dialogue with the stars for a while."

Then we begin to mount slowly the steep pathway. The ascent is a hard one, and Rodó's corpulence requires of him an effort that his heart can not bear. He goes upward forty or fifty paces; then he stops, places his hands on his hips, breathes heavily, looks toward the west and utters three or four words. Soon he bends forward and resumes the march.

His exertion, for twenty minutes, over winding and slippery pathways, was very laborious. Nevertheless, the attraction of the stars carried him to the summit.

The way was new and interesting: the paths spread out in every direction as we approached the top. A heterogeneous multitude was descending rapidly, fleeing with the last rays of daylight toward the heart of the city.

Faded banners, withered garlands, electric lights of all colors, were interlaced in

the branches of the naked trees. No signs of coming spring were as yet visible, either in the distant copses or in the gardens near by.

Closing my eyelids and reviving the embers of memory, I see Rodó, with his head thrown back, his face toward the skies, leaning against the rail of the little summer-house outlined above the abyss. He speaks slowly, with a tired accent. Suddenly he extends his arm and traces a wide flourish in the air. Then he straightens up and, shading his eyes with his right hand, stands motionless, peering intently into the distance.

A band of music breaks the silence of the heights. Far away sounds the deep roar of repeated cannon fire. Rodó turns and leans upon the railing of the summer-house. He remains silent. It was as if he had been lulled by the sadness of the heights, and the melancholy of the hour had begun to enter his soul.

In the remote distance the sun sank in an immense blaze of fire. Toward the east the vast pile of the Andes reflected the dying flames of that orgy of purple. The snows were bathed in faint carmine, and the deep gorges, where the shadows fall in azure tints, caught the white gleams of the evening rays. Over the city floated a greyish mist that covered it like an impalpable veil.

About us time moves on apace: the minutes fly, carrying with them the enchantment of this unforgettable evening. Whence shall come the power to eternalize the miracle of that hour, so soon to be folded in the bosom of night and memory?

No need of speech! The haven that the heights afforded, reached only by the attenuated echo of the city's turmoil, made communicative the silent attitude of Rodó, who had sunk into the lap of dreams with the tranquil meekness of a sleeping child. "Silence and security,"<sup>1</sup> we had thought with Carlyle: silence and security for profound minds!

"Let us harken to the confidences of the hour, let us yield ourselves to the repose of evening," he had said to us just a moment before.

And lo! the mysterious influence of the hour begins to effect the miracle of transformation. The little summer-house has become a vast hall for study, in which the Master presides in the presence of his disciples, like Prospero beside the bronze of Ariel.

Books, marbles and vases are ranged against the walls. Through the high windows filters a soft light, leaving the hall half in the shadow. Yellow prints, faded fabrics, old tomes, line the chimney-piece, beneath which the burning faggots crackle in the flames—all this to embellish the study of the Master, the wondrous grotto in which flowers the miracle of his thoughts. Through the doorway is visible a slumbering landscape, suggestive of a canvas by Leonardo.

In fantasy the hall is almost empty. Standing near the bronze of Ariel, the Master observes us fixedly, while our questions and our remarks stimulate the ardor of his counsel. He listens to us with gentleness and soon he begins to talk with the unction of an apostle. In the open furrow of our minds falls the seed of his lofty thought. While he speaks, our attention absorbs the kindling flame of his easy speech.

THE MASTER: "I invoke Ariel as my familiar spirit. For my words to-day I should desire the mildest and most persuasive unction they have ever possessed. I believe that addressing our youth upon lofty and noble themes, whatsoever they may be, is a form of sacred oratory. I believe also that the youthful mind is a generous field upon which the seed of an opportune word is capable of yielding after a brief while the fruits of an imperishable harvest.

"Ariel is reason and the higher feeling. Ariel is the sublime instinct of perfectibility, by virtue of which the human clay to which his light is enchained—the *miserable clay* of which the geni of Arimanes spoke to Manfred—is magnified and changed into a center of things. Ariel is, for Nature, the sublimest achievement of her work, bringing to completion the culmination of organized forms with the sudden outflashing of the spirit. Ariel triumphant signifies ideality and order in life,

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—Editor's note.

noble inspiration in thought, disinterestedness in morals, good taste in art, heroism in action, refinement in manners. He is the eponymous hero in the epic of the race. He has ever been the immortal protagonist, from the day he inspired by his presence prehistoric man's feeble efforts at reasoning, when, for the first time, he wrinkled his dark brow in the effort to shape a flint or carve a rude image upon the bones of the reindeer, and from that in which he fanned with his wings the sacred spark that the primitive Aryan, progenitor of civilized peoples, the friend of the light, struck in the shadows of the thickets beside the Ganges to forge with his divine fire the scepter of human majesty. In the person now of the superior races, dazzling, he soars above the souls of those who have transcended the natural limits of humanity, alike over the heroes of thought and fancy as over those of action and sacrifice: as much over Plato upon the promontory of Sanium, as over Saint Francis of Assisi in the solitude of Mount Albernia. His invincible force gives impulse to every upward movement of life. Overthrown a thousand times by the indomitable rebellion of Caliban, proscribed by barbarism victorious, smothered in the smoke of battle, his transparent wings soiled by contact with "the eternal dung-hill of Job," Ariel arises again immortal, Ariel recovers his youth and his beauty, and he rushes swiftly, as at the mandate of Prospero, to the call of all those who love him and invoke him in very truth. His benign sway extends at times even over those who deny and disown him. Often he directs the blind forces of evil and barbarism so that they, like the others, lend their coöperation to the labors of the good. He will sweep across human history chanting, as in Shakespeare's drama, his melodious song, animating those who toil and those who struggle, until the consummation of the unknown plan he obeys permits him—as in the drama he frees himself from servitude to Prospero—to break his material bonds and return for ever to the center of his divine fire."

THE DISCIPLE: "Noble and beautiful, Master, is this symbol of the spirit and of all ideality; significant for youth is the vic-

tory of Ariel over the tyranny of Caliban. In the midst of the negations of life, against all the sordid calculations of the insatiable Harpagoes, prevail the triumphs of Ariel, which are the battles gained by humanity in its march toward perfection. Ariel, Ariel, pattern of the seer, refuge of divine manias, siren song in the dark night of every disappointment! In the development of civilization, he is the half of all history. Through him Greece was great, and by him the spring-time of the Renaissance burst into flower. The voice of your enthusiasm, Master, evokes him to-day: it is Prospero who speaks, it is the Magus of 'The Tempest' of Shakespeare who performed the miracle of calling forth the subtle spirit of the air."

A smile plays about the lips of the Master, and there is a slight quiver in his voice, as he says:

THE MASTER: "From the revival of human hopes; from the promises that eternally assure to the future the reality of the best, the soul that lies open to the breath of life derives its beauty: sweet and ineffable beauty, composed, as that of dawn was for the poet of *Les Contemplations*, of a 'vestige of slumber and a budding of thought.' Humanity, renewing from generation to generation its active hope and its longing faith in an ideal, through the hard experience of the centuries, makes us think with Guyau of the madness of that poor distraught creature whose strange and moving infirmity consisted in believing each successive day to be the day of her wedding. At the mercy of her dreams, she placed every morning a wreath of flowers upon her pallid forehead and over her shoulders let fall a bridal veil. Smiling softly, she waited her visionary lover until the evening shadows, falling athwart her futile vigil, brought disappointment to her soul.

"With dawn her ingenuous confidence reawoke, however. Then her madness assumed a tinge of melancholy. All recollection of previous disillusionment erased, she murmured: 'It is to-day he will come;' and once more she donned wreath and veil, and sat her down smiling in expectation of the one she awaited."

The voice of the Master ceases for a

moment. In our ears we fancy still echo the words: "It is to-day he will come." The lesson possesses the eloquence of things eternal. The ideal can never die, for life will renew its dream with the morrow, awaiting, like the poor maniac of the story, the chimera of its illusion. The aspirations, the inquietudes, the follies of youth, weave in every springtime this bridal-veil of eternal illusion. Discouragement and an obdurate pessimism may make prey of the noblest efforts; but to-morrow, the next day or some other, the ideal will renew the wings with which youth ever will attempt another flight.

THE DISCIPLE: "If optimism is the discipline of energy, every renunciation is the deep pool of contemplation. Can it be that doubting is a way of self-renewal? The idea of the highest perfection was born of a supreme doubt. The strongest were always those who found their communion-cup in the heat of every passion, in the fire of every conviction; but their weakness lay in their ignorance of the virtues of deep serenity, the source of all spiritual elevation. Skepticism does not constitute a force, but rather, if pushed to an extreme, it is the leaven of dissolution. Nevertheless, the finalities of life force us to be skeptical, to doubt, in order to know the scope of our powers, which are mastered only after a first failure. The pious illusion of faith is the salvation of the soul, but can it be that we ought to seek consolation in an illusion, even though it be of divine origin?"

The trembling hands of the Master betrayed the disquiet provoked by the ardent insistence of the disciple. Agitation shone in his pupils.

THE MASTER: "In speaking to you of enthusiasm and hope as high and fruitful virtues, it is not my intention to trace the impassable line that divides between skepticism and faith, disappointment and rejoicing. Nothing is farther from my mind than the idea of confounding the natural attributes of youth, the gracious spontaneity of its soul, with that indolent frivolity of thought which, incapable of beholding in activity anything more than the spirit of a game, buys love and the satisfactions of life at the price of being

removed from all that might bring it to a pause before the grave and mysterious face of things. Such is neither the noble significance of the youth of the individual nor of nations. I have always regarded as vain the purpose of those who, constituting themselves vigilant watchmen over the destiny of America and guardians of its tranquility, would suffocate, with timorous jealousy, before it reaches us, whatsoever cry of human sorrow, whatsoever echo sprung from alien literatures that, however dismal or unwholesome, might place in peril their feeble optimism. No solid education of the intellect can be based upon avowed isolation or ignorance.

"Every problem propounded to human thought by Doubt, every sincere charge aimed at God or Nature from the heart of discouragement or sorrow, may rightly ask to be admitted to our consciousness, and that we face it squarely. We must prove the stoutness of hearts by accepting the challenge of the Sphinx, whose formidable interrogation we may not evade. Do not forget, moreover, that there is in certain bitternesses of thought, as also in its joys, the possibility of finding a point of departure for action and oftentimes fruitful suggestions. When sorrow enervates, when sorrow is the irresistible descent that leads toward decay, or when it is the perfidious counselor that prompts to the abdication of the will, the philosophy which it bears in its vitals is a thing unworthy of a youthful soul. Well might the poet then stigmatize it as:

An indolent soldier enlisted  
Beneath the pale banner of death.

Albeit when that which springs from the core of sorrow is the manly longing to conquer and to recover the good that it denies us, then it becomes the sharpened blade of evolution and the most powerful impulse of life. In no other way than as abhorrence according to Helvetius, does it come to be the most precious of all human privileges from the moment in which, by refusing to let our sensibilities become enervated in the slumbers of idleness, it changes into an alert stimulus to action."

THE DISCIPLE: "Is it perhaps that skepticism always leads us to condemn

existence and to abandon all effort at improvement? Faith in the future ought to be founded upon a reasoned conviction rather than in a blind enthusiasm. Every enthusiasm was always useful as an impulse, and efficacious as a beginning, however perilous as a finality."

THE MASTER: "What is important to humanity as an antidote to all pessimistic negation is not the idea of the relative goodness of the present, so much as the possibility of arriving at a better goal by the unfolding of life, hastened and directed by human effort. Faith in the future, confidence in the efficacy of human exertions, are the necessary antecedents of every fruitful purpose and of all energetic action. It is for this reason that I have sought to quicken in you a belief in the imperishable excellence of that faith, which, instinctive in youth, needs to be imposed by no formal teaching, since you will unfailingly find it, if you will only let Nature's divine suggestion work in the inmost depths of your soul."

THE DISCIPLE: "May not faith be perhaps but a form of egotism? What assurance have we that to-morrow faith will not isolate us within ourselves and make us forget every bond of human solidarity? Believe, believe; is it not possible that by believing too much in others we shall end by believing only in ourselves?"

THE MASTER: "Over the affections that must attach you individually to different applications and diverse ways of living, an abiding consciousness of the fundamental unity of our nature ought to stand guard; a consciousness which demands that every human individual be, before all and above all, something else: a perfect exemplification of humanity, in which no noble faculty of the spirit shall be obliterated and no one of all the high interests shall lose its communicative virtue. Before the modifications of profession and culture comes the fulfilment of the common destiny of reasoning beings. 'There is a universal profession, that of being a man,' Guyau has admirably put it. Renan, remembering, apropos of unbalanced and partial civilizations, that the aim of humanity can not be merely to know, to feel or to imagine, but to be

really and entirely *human*, defines the ideal of perfection toward which every effort ought to be directed, as the possibility of producing in an individual type a miniature portrait of the species."

Behind his spectacles the eyes of the Master gaze unseeing for a long time. His face seems to us to be bathed in a gentle apostolic meekness. His voice is a profound echo of his great heart. In the moments in which he speaks to his disciples even his voice is transcendent. His enthusiasm is like a torrent pent up among the mountain heights. The incentive of our curiosity causes it to overflow until it reaches the lowlands of spiritual dearth. In the presence of youth, the voice of the Master performs the miracle of discovering alert willingness, naked faith and enthusiasm, like a bird surprised upon the branch, ready to take flight.

At length he speaks profoundly upon the sin of limitation, limitation of the intellect, limitation of the energies, limitation of ideals; the sin of limitation, in whose bosom are born ignorance itself, the sordid egotism of men and of human societies.

THE MASTER: "Our capacity for understanding ought to have no limit but the impossibility of understanding narrow minds. To be incapable of seeing more than one aspect of nature, incapable of seeing more than one of all the varied human ideas and interests, is to live amidst shadows pierced by only one ray of light. Intolerance and exclusiveness, which, when they spring from the tyrannical absorption of an exalted enthusiasm or from the overflowing of a disinterested ideal purpose, may merit justification and even sympathy; but they become the most abominable of defects when, in the circle of everyday life, they reveal the limitation of a brain incapable of reflecting more than a partial view of things. The dwarfing of a human mind by continued application to a single form of activity is, according to Comte, a result comparable to the unhappy fate of the workman whom the division of labor obliges to consume in the performance of an unvarying mechanical detail all the energies of his life. In each case the moral effect is to induce a disastrous

indifference to the general aspects of the interests of humanity."

How indeed, to gather all the gold of the Master's words! In the discreet shadow, lightened at times by the flashes discharged by the logs as they fall apart, his figure grows dim, little by little, until even the lenses of his spectacles hardly reflect the fading twilight that filters faintly through the lofty windows. His voice falls deep and tranquil upon the rapt ears that wait on his words. He cites the Greek marvel of Athens that developed every energy in its harmonious powers, exalting the real and the ideal, the action of the spirit and the tyrannies of the body. Athens conceived that there flourished in every man: angel and beast; athlete and living sculptor, in the gymnasium; politician, polemist, citizen, in the porticoes; philosopher, on every areopagus; poet, in the amphitheater; orator, in the presence of multitudes. He recalls with unction that Macaulay affirmed that a day of public life in Attica was a finer example of teaching than we see to-day in our modern centers of culture.

THE DISCIPLE: "The times must be blamed for the sin of not inspiring us with the aspirations that give wings to our enthusiasms. The free life of Attica was propitious for the gymnasium of the intellect and the dawn of beauty. How indeed shall we follow that example in our sordid society of to-day? Even if the Renaissance saw a repetition of the marvel of Greece, we can not now wait again for such a resurrection. Ambitions, egotism, vile instincts, occupy to-day a privileged place at the banquet of the elect. The world has grown too old, Master; and to-day, if Plato, disguised beneath the coarse sackcloth of the oil-man, should come to our country, as he visited Egypt in his day, he would be a subject of laughter. Ariel is far away; Caliban has driven him from his omnipotent throne, and, as in the creation of the great Will,<sup>1</sup> Caliban still knows only how to say: 'I must eat my dinner.'"<sup>2</sup>

The Master has listened to us attentively.

Suddenly he throws back his strong Apollonian head and he says with energy of voice:

THE MASTER: "When the sense of material utility and welfare dominates the character of human societies with the vigor it now possesses, the results of a narrow mind and a one-sided culture are particularly disastrous to the diffusion of those purely ideal abstractions, which, being an object of devotion on the part of those who consecrate to them the most noble and persevering efforts of their lives, are transformed into a remote and perhaps unsuspected region for the others who do not comprehend them. Every kind of disinterested meditation, ideal contemplation, intimate repose, during which the daily struggle for the useful temporarily surrenders its empire to a noble and serene gaze upon things stretched from the heights of reason, seems unknown, in the actual state of human society, to millions of civilized and cultured souls, whom the influence of education or of custom reduces to the automatism of a definitively material activity. Be it so; this kind of servitude must be considered the saddest and most hateful of all moral inflictions. I beg you to defend yourselves in the battle of life against the mutilation of your spirits by the tyranny of a sole and interested object. Never yield more than a part of yourselves to utility or to passion. Even in the midst of material slavery, there exists the possibility of saving the inward freedom of reason and of feeling. Never seek then to justify the servitude of your minds on the ground of absorption in work or in the combat."

The expression of the Master is no longer what it was a few moments before. All is transformed in him. His movements and his voice denote an assured firmness, a sacred conviction.

A servant enters the hall. The swayings of his lighted torch cast strange figures upon the mosaics of the walls. Soon he departs, having lighted the oil lamp that hangs near the bronze of Ariel.

Behold, the flame of the lamp, glowing behind the Master's head, forms about it a luminous ruddy halo, like one of those nimbuses of light with which the painters

<sup>1</sup> Thus in the original.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>2</sup> English in the original.—*Editor's note.*

of the Renaissance aureoled the fair heads of their virgins!

THE DISCIPLE: "Caliban, 'the savage and deformed slave,'<sup>1</sup> tyrannizes over us, Master! Daily we must live the crude life of commonplaces. We enjoy true liberty only when by rebellion against the brutal slavery to our daily pittance of bread, we seclude ourselves, like the king in your story, in the inaccessible Thule of our dreams. Yet how perilous is the silence and the holy indolence of this Boeotia! The noise of the hammers never reaches the mysterious security of this stronghold, since the universal indifference has woven about it, like a jealous network, a curtain of sadness and oblivion. There are isolations, Master, that resemble the solitude of the tomb."

THE MASTER: "Thought, reverie, contemplation—these are the names of the airy visitors of my cell. The ancients, with their noble intelligence, held *leisure* to be the most elevated state of a truly rational existence, identifying it with liberty of thought emancipated from every ignoble yoke. Noble leisure was the use of time they opposed, as an expression of the superior life, to economic activity. Basing its conception of the dignity of life exclusively upon this lofty and aristocratic idea of repose, the classic spirit finds its correction and its complement in our modern belief in the dignity of useful labor; and both attitudes of the mind may compose, in the individual existence, a rhythm, upon the necessary maintenance of which it will never be inopportune to lay stress."

THE DISCIPLE: "Dreams, Master, may not be quoted in terms of pounds sterling. Among us the eagles of gold go farther than the soaring eagles of thought. To think, to dream, to feel—divine but unfruitful follies! Our incipient democracies do not take kindly to the discipline that exalts the purest aspirations. On the contrary they render worship to a deformed Caliban, because Caliban has not forgotten the language of Sancho nor the prudent tendency of his counsels. Repeat, before one of those who preside at the altars of the Forum, your words of former

days: 'The evil thought that comes dressed in the painted skin of the panther is worth more than the good thought dressed in livery or that boasts an affectedly vulgar correctness,' and they will take you for a dangerous lunatic."

THE MASTER: "Spritual selection, the exaltation of life through the presence of disinterested stimuli, good taste, art, gentleness of manners, the sentiment of admiration for every persevering ideal purpose and of reverence for every noble supremacy, must be but undefended weakness wherever social equality, which has destroyed imperative and baseless hierarchies, does not substitute for them others that possess in moral power their only means of domination and their beginning in a rational classification. All equality of conditions in the order of societies, like all homogeneity in that of nature, is an unstable equilibrium. From the moment in which democracy has achieved its work of negation, by leveling down unjust superiorities, the equality thus conquered can signify for it only a point of departure. Affirmation still remains, and the affirmative of democracy and its glory will consist in promoting in its bosom by effective stimulus the revelation and the dominion of the *true* human superiorities."

The soft glow of the oil lamp diffuses an uncertain clarity in the ample hall. In the corners, the objects half disappear in the shadow. Without, the murmuring nocturnal silence is propitious for evocations. The golden sickle of the new moon appears in the limpid sky of spring.

Sharply the chill of the night, now far advanced, has brought us back to reality. The summer-house, set upon the bare rock of the highest pinnacle of the peak of Huelén, is enveloped in heavy shadows. The keen northwind cuts our faces, and, penetrating our eyes, makes it almost impossible to see in the darkness. Are they minutes, hours or days we have passed there? We have lost idea of time, and now we are faced by the reality of the dense night that enfolds us. We descend the steep steps of stone that lead from the elevated summer-house. While Rodó

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—Editor's note.

pauses a moment to gaze into the remote distance, I note, by the light that falls full upon him from an electric focus, an unwonted shaking of his hands. He has observed our surprise, and before we can question him, he says:

"Do not think that it is the night chill: these profound emotions of nature move me to the point of trembling."

And the tremor of his voice was as the trembling of his hands!

Adorer of life, agitated in the presence of every expression of beauty, the exquisite sensibility of the profound poet that was Rodó, vibrated that night like a tense chord beneath the inquiet fingers that smote it into music.

Soul of a child, great and sincere! Admirable spirit with the sensibility of the artist! How did a tranquil September night suffice to stud your melancholy with stars!

The gloomy frown of a moment before had disappeared from the brow of the author of *Ariel*. Nimbly and swiftly he now descended the steps of the rough stairway. Then, upon reaching the first

pathway, broken by sharp declines, to a little garden nearby, we saw him quicken his pace and soon break into a run, breathing with wild delight the cold air of the night.

The Rodó of that moment was not the taciturn Rodó who long ago withdrew himself from our adolescent curiosity there beyond in his pleasant corner of the street of the Cerrito in his native Montevideo.

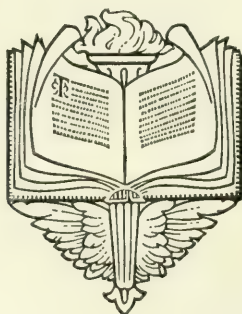
The kindly and smiling Rodó of this intimate hour was for us the revelation of an exalted spirit, of a benignant man, who had drained into his books the best of his heart. It was thus that we had dreamed of him and had loved him before we had known him; but how greatly can the mask of a moment of ill humor change a man!

As he shook hands with us to bid us farewell that night in front of the Argentine legation, he said:

"Good-by, and let it not be for ever!"<sup>1</sup>

Unhappily that parting was, alas, *for ever!*

<sup>1</sup>The last two words are in English in the original.—*Editor's note.*



# "NECESSITY" IN LAW

BY

RAMIRO DE MAEZTÚ

(The author demonstrates that the "law of necessity" is inapplicable to the methods and acts of Germany since the opening of the war: owing, first, to the fact that the aggressor who puts himself outside the pale of law, as interpreted and upheld by individuals and states, may not claim exemption by appeal to necessity; and, second, to the fact that it was neither necessary to invade Belgium, in order to reach France, nor to make war for the extension of territory because of an excess of population.)

THE German chancellor has invoked the word "necessity," both to excuse the invasion of Belgium and to justify the unrestricted employment of submarines. Something paradoxical, however, is happening, and it is that, because the world has become scandalized in the presence of the doctrine that necessity justifies the German attacks upon universal morality, considering it a revival of the Jesuitico-Machiavellian doctrine that the end justifies the means, we are all forgetting the elementary, evident and indisputable fact that no such necessity has existed.

Was it necessary for Germany to invade Belgium? Nothing more need be done than to form this question and reflect upon it for a moment, to become convinced that there was no such necessity. The most that the German general staff could claim regarding the invasion of Belgium would be that it was expedient for the realization of its plans, which consisted, as is public knowledge, in rapidly disarming France, in order to hurl the bulk of its forces against Russia.

Time has demonstrated that the German general staff was mistaken. If Belgium had not been invaded, if Germany had limited herself to acting merely on the defensive in Alsace-Lorraine, in order to employ, from the beginning, the mass of its forces against Russia, who can now doubt that Germany would have won the war and imposed upon Russia a separate peace, before the close of the year 1914? It was therefore not a necessity, but a supposed expediency, that actuated the invasion of Belgium.

The word "necessity" has for the present case an unequivocally strict meaning. In

order to fix clearly its meaning, I am going to make use of a German encyclopedia, the most popular, that of Brockhaus, which, in the section that treats of the word *notrecht* (the law of necessity), says: "The term 'law of necessity' is applicable to the supposed right to transgress the law in order to escape a danger that imperils one's own existence, when it is not possible to avoid it otherwise."

As we see, the "law of necessity" means for the German encyclopedia what it means for all unprejudiced readers: the supposed right to transgress the law when only by such a transgression is it possible for us to defend our threatened life. This "law of necessity" is that which excuses the man who steals a loaf in order not to die of hunger, when it is impossible for him to obtain bread by his labor. On this law of necessity is based that of legitimate defense in the presence of unprovoked aggression.

This "law of necessity" does not signify that the illegal act that is committed in one's own defense is legal. This would be equivalent to making the legality or illegality of acts dependent upon the psychology of the agent, which would be as absurd as making the exactitude of an arithmetical operation depend upon the mental state of the person who performs it. Acts are legal or illegal according as they respect or violate the laws, and not according to the mind of the agent.

In reality, there never exists the right to kill or to rob or to lie, and Brockhaus does well in saying the pretended right is "supposed." Necessity never justifies an unjust act nor legalizes an illegal act. Although it may have been committed at the impulse of necessity, an illegal act is always illegal.

If I may be permitted to make a distinction, I shall say that necessity does not determine the legality of an act, but the responsibility of the agent. When the agent can demonstrate that his illegal act was effected at the impulse of necessity, this necessity tempers his responsibility, and it may even go so far as to relieve him of it, but it does not make legal what is illegal. The extenuation or the exculpation of necessity can not be alleged, except in the precise case in which "life is really threatened," and never because effects "less dear than life" are menaced, as Brockhaus says. Only in case a person can not otherwise save his life will necessity be taken into consideration as a circumstance that lessens or excuses the responsibility that accompanies the transgression of the law.

When the German chancellor wishes to justify the unlimited employment of submarines and the invasion of Belgium as a necessity, he is employing a juridical concept that has a very precise and strict meaning; and one that can have no other. If I am dying of hunger, in spite of my efforts to find work, and I steal a loaf, the court may absolve me, and it probably will absolve me, if it is composed of compassionate men, because, although my act is evil and unjustifiable, it has been committed by virtue of necessity. It is then my necessity for preserving my life that brings me face to face with a dilemma more urgent than that of respecting or violating a law: the dilemma of existing or not existing; and, although I must, as far as possible, respect the laws in the future, I must needs violate them for the moment. In spite of all this, I do not say that it would not be preferable to do without the loaf and die of hunger. This would be better. Then I should ascend to the category of the martyrs and heroes of right. However, a court made up of compassionate men would take pity upon me, if circumstances superior to my will should place before me the alternative of violating the law or dying of starvation, and I should yield to the cries of my Adam's body.

Suppose now that I am a banker who lives a life of ease and luxury, that business

goes against me, and I defraud one of my customers because there is no other way of maintaining the standing of my bank. I might believe, even in good faith, that it was necessity that obliged me to lay my hands on the deposit of my client; but the court will not accept my excuse, for the reason that necessity does not lessen and cancel the responsibility of an agent, except when it is a question of life and death, and not merely when it is an affair of position or rank. In the judicial world there is no recognition of the necessity of maintaining position or rank. The only necessity that is recognized in law, as a diminisher or discharger of responsibility, is that of life and death, which is applicable to all beings in the same manner, and not the so-called historical, relative, psychological, individualistic necessity. If I say that, like the banker, I need for my personal expenses twenty thousand dollars a year, and that what is luxury for others is a necessity for me, the court will smile, and with reason, at my supposed necessity; because, strictly speaking, I do not need to be a banker, nor to have twenty thousand a year; the only thing I need is to live. The sole act for which necessity can obtain me an exculpation—and that not in all cases—is the theft of the loaf which saves me from starvation. As law is one, this concept of necessity holds, in the same sense, as well for international law as for civil and private law.

In public law, for example, every government owes the duty of respecting constitutional guaranties, as also every people owes the duty of respecting governmental orders. When the government infringes or suspends the constitutional guaranty, it violates the law in the same manner as the people that disobeys the order of the authorities. However, only in case the existence of the state be in danger (but only in case it be a question of a genuine danger to its existence) may that government invoke the law of necessity to diminish or relieve its responsibility, although never to affirm the legality of the illegal act. The same is true for the people that appeals to revolution against a tyrannical government which menaces its life or honor.

In point of international law, a nation

may never say that necessity legalizes the violation of the law of nations. What could be said would be that necessity lessens responsibility or relieves it of it, in the event of having violated one of the international conventions of the law of nations, if this violation were the only way open to save its endangered existence. The act, the violation, is always illegal; but the culpability of the agent may be extenuated or absolved in case he can prove that he had no other means of saving his own threatened existence.

Nevertheless, it is not sufficient for the government of a nation to proclaim the necessity for the violation of the law of nations; it must demonstrate it. Has Germany been able to justify the invasion of Belgium? What, indeed, would the Germans not give to-day, if they had not invaded it! Even if the violation of Belgium had produced for the Germans the rapid victory to obtain which they pretend to excuse it, it would not be legitimate to allege a necessity for victory to justify a violation of the law of nations.

Necessity may exist, and it may be recognized, as a circumstance that diminishes or cancels the responsibility of an agent. If the besieged of Numancia or Sagunto, or if the Belgians defending their own outraged soil, had appealed to any one whatsoever of the weapons prohibited by international treaties that the Germans have introduced into this war, the tribunal of history would condemn the act; but it would find in the necessity of the case a circumstance that lessened or annulled the responsibility of the agent. It is because the just judge can pardon the desperate who may have committed an outrage from necessity. Let the reader observe that the supposition is contradictory. Since here we do not speak of natural energy, but of social power and of necessity as they are understood in law, power and necessity contradict each other. The proverb that necessity recognizes no law (*not kennt kein Gebot*), to which the German chancellor appealed to justify the invasion of Belgium, and latterly, to excuse the unrestrained employment of submarines, is applicable to the desperate man who finds no other means of saving his life than that of committing

an infraction of the law; but not to the powerful man who violates laws in order to realize his ambitions with more convenience, or in order to gain time, which is the confessed object of both horrors.

There is also a special case in which necessity does not apply even to the violence of the desperate person; and it is in the case where such a one shall be rendered desperate by circumstances to which his will has not been opposed. For example, if I have voluntarily placed myself outside the law by committing a series of crimes, and the police pursue and corner me, and I find no other means of saving my skin than by killing an agent of public safety, my responsibility is not lessened by the necessity of my act, since I myself have unnecessarily created this necessity.

This is the case to which don Miguel de Unamuno has alluded in an article (*La Publicidad*, Barcelona, February 19) in which he made kindly comment upon some words of mine:

However, the Germans may reply to this—and it is a fact that they do thus reply—that their victory, what they call their victory, is necessary for them as an independent nation. Not for the existence, nor even for the prosperity, of every one of the Germans, but for Germany as a state! Because Germany as a state, the Germanic empire, is a great commercial, industrial and political association—and even an association of culture, if you please—that will become bankrupt if it does not obtain its victory, a victory of its own. It is a kind of carnivorous, or, we may say, *demophagous*, people-devouring, state, that can not exist unless it devour the other nations or its own people by war or the immoral proceedings of its *Kartels* with their *dumping*.

If the German state can not exist, except by devouring the rest of the peoples, this means that it has put itself in the same position as the desperado who can not live without incessantly committing new crimes, in which case the excuse of necessity does not cover its acts; for, what necessity impelled the German state to place itself in such a position?

I know already that there are Germans who say that the "necessity" in which Germany finds herself of having periodically to conquer new territories is due to the

increase in her population. Don Miguel Unamuno protests against this argument in these words:

That they had an excess of population? Then they must bleed other peoples! That their emigrants or their sons or grandsons ran the risk of degermanizing themselves? What shall we do about it? This has always happened!

I have nothing to oppose to the words of my wise and impetuous master. May he pardon me if I call him *impetuous*; because here it occurs that, by virtue of becoming angered over the theory of the "biological" necessity for territorial conquests, which the Germans base upon the supposed fact of their excessive population, señor Unamuno does not observe that the foundation of their claim is a mere appearance without substance. Because the truth is that in Germany in 1914 there was not an excess of population. On the contrary, it was a country for immigration, like the countries of America, and in it 2,000,000 foreign laborers were permanently employed, and, temporarily, during the harvests, a million Russians, who gathered the cereals of the "junkers," and who, at the breaking out of the war, were held there as prisoners, and have thus made possible the mobilization of millions more of men than those calculated by the French general staff. Besides this, the Germans possessed in their colonies some of the most fertile lands in the world—in east Africa nothing less than the virgin forests of the lake country and the head-waters of the Nile—and they had not explored them. The fact that the French and the English had more colonies does not mean to say that the Germans needed greater territory. It may be that necessity can be accepted as an

excuse, or a relief, from responsibility for the one who commits an aggression. What cannot be admitted, however, is the coveting of the property of others. This is not an exculpation of aggression but an aggravation of it, for in itself it is a sin that the ninth commandment of the law of God condemns.

There is therefore no kind of necessity, either immediate or mediate, by which the "necessity" of the rulers of Germany may excuse their violation of international agreements.

The Germans went to war because they desired to do so, and not at the impulse of necessity.

They invaded Belgium, not from necessity, but because they believed it was the shortest way to Paris.

They sent the Zeppelins upon London, not because of necessity, but because they imagined that with them they would terrify the people of England.

They discharged their asphyxiating gases, not from necessity, but to assure victory.

They ordered the unrestrained employment of submarines, not from necessity, but with the conviction that in a few months it would prevent the provisioning of England.

They have spread desolation, upon retirement from the invaded territory of France, not from necessity, but for the purpose of terrifying the Allies and obliging them to make peace.

All and each of the scandalous violations of the law of nations and of the laws of war, committed up to the present by the Germans, have been the offspring of calculation. And when utility proceeds by calculation, no jurist will accept the excuse of "necessity."

# A PARISIAN BARGAIN DAY IN CHILE

SANTIAGO GOSSIP

BY

ÁNGEL PINO

(The writer, a Chilean journalist, presents a picture of some aspects of the Parisian life of his countrywomen and those of Argentina, with allusions to their shopping habits, their international rivalries and their conceptions of propriety and elegance. The Batignolles bazaar and its allurements became indispensable to them, but, on account of the war, they were denied its opportunities. The proprietor sends a representative to Santiago. He announces his presence and opens a salesroom. All this supplies the background for the scene that follows. A mass of customers gathers, and rivalries and personal encounters ensue. To these the author applies the edge of his analytical blade.)

THERE is in Paris a quarter called Les Batignolles, added to the city in 1860. In this quarter is a *square*,<sup>1</sup> and in this square a big shop, or rather, a bazaar, where something of everything is sold: good and bad, pretty and ugly, dear and cheap.

But let us sup first Inés, dear,  
If 'tis true thou hast a mind to,

as runs the classic roundel. In other words: *do* let us start at the beginning and proceed in proper order.

Chilean dames who go to Paris to live, continue to live in South America, as it were. They do not bend an arm or set one foot before the other except to attract the attention of the Argentine colony, which is their eternal bugbear. On its part, the Argentine colony, although it has much more to occupy it than ours—since it has more money—feels highly flattered by the admiration it stirs in its colonial satellite. Probably on this account it is that an intelligent lady, long a resident of the Ville Lumière, can not tell us what is in the Musée Carnavalet or where it is located. On the other hand, however, she can tell how much the necklace of the señora de Pacheco costs, what is the make of the three automobiles of the González Peñas, how many pounds sterling the *nurse*<sup>1</sup> of the señora de Unanue earns a month, and the precise number of steers that are to be found on the *estancia*<sup>2</sup> of don Ignacio Alvear. \*

Well then! these same good ladies, who enjoy so much freedom in their own country, lapse, during their stay in Paris, into the most dreary sort of slavery to "what will they say . . . in the Argentine colony?"

Let us return now to the square of Batignolles, which is the Portuguese servant in the roundel quoted. When our Chilean ladies have to go shopping in Paris they set out solemnly, in an automobile, with due publicity *á giorno*, as the editor of *Vida Social* would say, to the great shops frequented by the general international riffraff, which the war has now dispersed, like rats scattered by the wrecking of the house they have infested. The shoppers will arrive, however, by the Métro<sup>1</sup> or in a cab or even on foot, at other shops, considered less dear or less fashionable or less proper. It would be all the same if they made the trip with fife and drum, so to speak; for nobody in Paris would care if the señora de Serey, who has a fine house in the calle del Dieciocho<sup>1</sup> (what luxury!), goes shopping in Clichy or at Batignolles; but as it is imperative to cut a figure before the Argentines and Chileans, the affair is important and assumes the proportions of a ritual.

How well I remember a certain South American gentleman who asked me in Italy:

"How do you think I ought to reach Paris?"

"Why, like all the rest of the world."

<sup>1</sup>Thus in the original.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>2</sup>Used in southern South America for *hacienda*, country estate.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>1</sup>The underground railway.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>2</sup>Eighteenth street, in Santiago, Chile.—*Editor's note.*

"Yes, I know; but to get away from the station—don't you think . . . ?"

"Oh, you will find any number of automobiles with taximeters."

"Yes, but . . . but, in the case of such a person as I? Everybody knows I have a fortune, that I am the son of a senator . . ."

"But, if nobody knows that you are about to arrive at Paris."

"It is that I am thinking about it on account of the Chileans, who later will skin me . . ."

"Yes; and what about the Argentines . . . ?"

"That's just it, that's it. I was thinking of taking an automobile without a number and with a chauffeur and lackey in livery, if you will kindly mention the name of . . ."

The shop in Batignolles is taboo for the small fry that make themselves the slaves of "what will . . . the Chileans and Argentines say?" If it were a question of the Bulgarians, it would be more pardonable. Batignolles is not *chic*. It would be quite impossible to think that the señora de Pérez, who is so beautiful and so elegant, is a *Batignollist*, one who is on the lookout for bargains, special sales, articles out of fashion. That no! that never! that least of all! as our people say.

So, the person that has a mind to go to Les Batignolles, does it without mentioning a word about it to any one, in secret, as if engaged in doing one of those acts of charity regarding which the right hand must not know what the left hand is about. The best way is to slip into the Métro, which also must be denied, for it is not *chic* to ride in the Métro—it is so cheap and it smells of disinfectant—step out suddenly from the bowels of the earth near the shop itself and dash into it abruptly, with the face buried in a handkerchief as if about to sneeze. Once inside, and somewhat recovered from the shock of having lost her reputation, the dame who is shopping incognito experiences the extreme pleasure of looking at things that are very cheap, at half the price that would be asked for them elsewhere. She experiences also other new sensations: there, at a distance, who would believe it? . . . is another elegant

Chilean, with her face concealed by the thickest kind of a veil! She too is fingering over a lot of goods, trying to find things for her daughters. "Ah, you rogue! Afterward you will make up for me a lot of farces about the prices of suits that never come below five hundred francs; and now I find you in Batignolles picking up job lots, eh? But what a risk I'm running!"

It is one of the various pleasures, this, of the Chilean ladies, to deliver themselves over to the chase, and to hide in Batignolles behind screens or stairways or tapestries, until the danger from the rival passes.

This *chic*, which is the great preoccupation of these dames, is something inborn, or better, born near the person. I know a lady, who is now twenty years old, and who in her cradle was *cursi*.<sup>1</sup> She would say, for example, *agús*, thus, with the final *s*, instead of *agú*, like other babies; for she considered it distinguished to sound the *s*.

Be it so; this lady is without spontaneous *chic*; but she can buy it ready made. Since, however, she does not know the line which separates the *ugly* from *that which is used* but is not exactly ugly, from what, because it is cut in this manner and made up in that, seems to be *chic*, which means, elegant, original, personal, except when she sees on it the inevitable name of Callot, Drecol, Paquin, etc., she is obliged to buy her gowns in a central establishment, of three stories, with many mirrors, a huge rental, a doorkeeper in livery, and which guarantees every article sold to be the most *chic* of its kind in the market. This sort of person, pleased by the costly, is given to accepting the tag or mark of a certain house as a sign of elegance, when, besides, it is an indication of having paid dearer than usual for something, which, in want of a sizable fortune, is folly, at the very least.

The Parisienne, who adapts and often creates the fashion, who discovers in the museums the color, design and combinations of the ancient fabrics and revives laces and embroideries, buys in Batignolles or the devil's own place, if you will, what

<sup>1</sup>An untranslatable modern word, used in the familiar style, to designate a person or thing that boasts of elegance without possessing it, for which the word "shoddy" is the nearest English equivalent.

she likes and needs; and it does not matter a bawbee whether her creation, that to-morrow will be envied by all the South Americans, who would buy it for its weight in gold and at heroic sacrifices, may have come from a cheap bazaar or from the wardrobe of her grandmother, where are kept the beautiful survivals of departed *toilettes*. The Parisienne does not deem elegance to consist in loading herself down with costly articles. This she calls "putting on two thousand or five thousand francs." Elegance, she would have it, consists in obtaining the greatest personal effect at the least cost, and, as a last touch, in not talking day and night about fashions, in not seeming to be taken up with them alone; for the elegant woman must assume that nothing costs her dear, and that if her gown turns out well, this is but the result of nature, as warbling comes from a song-bird.

The war caused these gracious customers, who looked like fugitives when they went shopping, to desert Batignolles, and Batignolles resolved to go in search of them. Since, by a curious coincidence, our legation has remained in that quarter for many years, it was an easy task. Batignolles has come to the Hotel Oddo.<sup>1</sup> This is a chapter that is worthy of the name of Batignolles-San Eugenio, that merits a Franco-Chilean people's line of tramways.

Edinger or *Edanchér*, as our ladies called him, announced in the press that he had arrived. A crowd—it would be the highest note of the ridiculous, if it were not an affair of ladies and beautiful ladies at that—responded to the call of the old and confessed friend. It would not be possible to admit the liberated clientèle of the Argentine colony in the same sales hall, for nothing would have been left whole. It would have been necessary to pronounce the judgment of Solomon upon each blouse. Edinger took precautions and he placed some formidable porters at the threshold of his Sanctum-Sanctorum.

We remember that some years ago there was a clearance sale in the Muzard establishment. Our señoras are beautiful, intelligent, *spirituelles*, all that they ought to be; but, in the presence of a bargain sale,

they have an attack of pennies on the brain . . . and they will scratch anybody that gets in front of them. The great shop of the calle de la Moneda<sup>1</sup> could not hold on this occasion one person more than the number that had carried the doors by storm. Two beautiful Santiagans (the title of a waltz, if you please) snatched up, at the same time, an authentic China plate of the fifteenth century, made in Munich ten years ago, and marked: "formerly 125.00 pesos, now 12.50 pesos." Their extremely fair right hands had taken possession of the porcelain, and their delicate left hands, which remained free, devoted themselves to working all the damage possible on the rival heads, in order to put the adversary out of action. At the same time, from their throats, formed by nature for beautiful song, prayer and love (ugh!), issued piercing cries, which, if some one does not stop me in time, I shall qualify as howls. Some ladies nearby attempted to separate these persons, who were united by the bond of a bit of fragile china, and others busied themselves arranging their hats and hair for them, which the hostile hands soon pulled to pieces again.

Suddenly a voice imposes silence: the head of the house! A short Frenchman, with crisp, red, bristling hair, and beard spread out like a fan, advances, staring from directly behind his spectacles, and trying to gain some idea of the conflict.

The shouting deafens him, however; for twenty persons are swearing that it was the señora Pérez Ruiz who got possession of the plate first, and another twenty, on their part, that it was the señora Ruiz Pérez who discovered the porcelain.

The chief seizes the plate, slams it on the floor, thus reducing it to a hundred pieces, which he finishes pulverizing with his heels.

"It is not worth while that, for this trash, two distinguished ladies should run the risk of being less so," said the little merchant gallantly.

Edinger, the not unworthy representative of Batignolles, was not there to ad-

<sup>1</sup>In Santiago.—Editor's note.

<sup>1</sup>One of the principal commercial thoroughfares of Santiago; on it stands La Moneda, the White House or official residence of the president of Chile.—Editor's note.

minister advice or lessons, by getting his clothes torn off.

Last year, when he saw the crowd of the opening day, he doubled his prices, measuring by the first streaks of dawn, and at a single glance, like Napoleon at Wagram, the victory that was sallying forth to meet him.

Now, however, he resigned himself to letting his fair customers crowd into a room and the passageways of the hotel,<sup>1</sup> crush each other, beat on the doors, devour, in their burning thirst, the oranges a diner had before him on the table, deluge him (Edinger) with outrageous language and even use their hat-pins on the servant who guarded the door, while one of them was bitten, but only softly, for trying to get ahead of her turn.

In the meantime, those who were waiting—an eternal wait!—thinking, with their excited imaginations, of the harvests the favored were gathering inside, were ready to go a long way toward accepting any price whatever that Batignolles might wish to impose.

<sup>1</sup>The Hotel Oddo is in the commercial center of Santiago, surrounded by retail shops.—*Editor's note.*

"Open, as a favor! Open to us, fatty!" cries one of the more outspoken to the porter, who only smiles delighted.

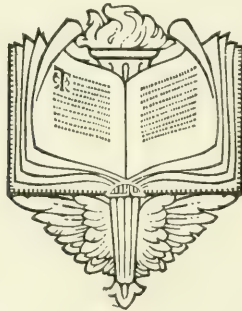
It is related that every one of the ladies who issued from the Sanctum-Sanctorum of Batignolles carried several packages in her arms<sup>1</sup> and some external evidences of having fought a good fight for the capture of the merchandize wrapped in them.

It is added that the long line of those who aspired and suspired to enter were told: "It isn't worth while; what they have bought hasn't the slightest value."

However, those who waited, replied with Saint Thomas: "See and believe," or what amounts to the same thing: "Buy and repent."

A patron of the hotel, who witnessed the great battle of Batignolles, said to me: "A league of women for the promotion of morality on the stage has been founded; wouldn't it be possible to establish another in favor of dignity at bargain sales?"

<sup>1</sup>Regarded in the southern countries as an improper exercise of personal independence on the part of a lady.—*Editor's note.*



# THE WILL OF LIFE<sup>1</sup>

BY

FRANCISCO F. FERNÁNDEZ

I. The rights of youth and the duties of old age. II. Human destiny and the will of life. III. Illusionist philosophy and biological philosophy. IV. War and violence as related to the biological well-being of humanity. V. Law and aptitude in the struggle for life. VI. Judgment and character. VII. Social solidarity. VIII. Education for fraternity.

## I

### THE RIGHTS OF YOUTH AND THE DUTIES OF OLD AGE

I HAVE considered that the benevolent zeal of your committee to induce me to present a paper before you did not indicate a general personal homage, but rather a courtesy extended to the old teacher, in order that his faith in our common ideals—an ember still smoldering beneath the ashes of these gray hairs—might serve as a spark that should kindle in others an earnest longing for their realization, by imparting invigorating courage to the fresh recruits. At all events, youth—by bequest—employs its right to call upon age, and age accomplishes its last act of discipline by heeding the call. It is just; the past, with its experiences and victories—whatever be their value—hands down the inalienable patrimony of the present, with all its inventoried benefits; and, in turn, the successive generations, if not more fervid in zeal, armed by greater accumulations of experience and strengthened by less insecure methods, continue to enrich the capital of moral forces that, founded upon knowledge, will more and more exalt and dignify the human family.

By what means, however, and why? The program is one, and it constitutes our highest educational and social ideal: it is to discover laws and to fit them into our conception of a moral destiny, which is our everlasting ambition and our longing. This object is not chimerical. The consciousness of the thinker desecrates this destiny, like a star that guides toward a future cosmopolis. We shall try to prove

that our optimistic view of human life does not spring from deceptive mirages, nor is it to be conceived of as leading the armies of the deluded to the fruitless task of Sisyphus or the impotent rage of Prometheus. Our north and our course are essentially different from those followed by the persons who succeed in misleading weak intelligences, by means of certain complicated literature with assumptions of philosophy, the very vacuity of which it appears perfect to shallow minds.

In the presence of the eternal confusion of educational methods and results, it is our duty as teachers to base our highest speculations on the products of experience, and to demonstrate that logic itself, in so far as it is an instrument of investigation and not a simple verbal plaything, has been, and always will be, drawn from and based upon reality, thus permitting us to construct a realistic conception of the moral world and of human happiness.

Now you see how obtrusive the question is, and how grave are its possibilities.

The optimistic or the pessimistic solution of the discussion invigorates or enervates the desire to live, the axis of the whirlpool of civilization, which veers toward the pure springs of ideal life, or toward an abyss of annihilation without resurrection.

We can not save those who are hopelessly condemned to sterility by means of the eucharist of truth; but there abound generous spirits who only need a little light and a little heat to germinate, flower and bear fruit. In this warfare, waged amid diverse surroundings and upon dif-

<sup>1</sup>A lecture delivered before the Asociación de Maestros.

ferent battlefields under standards of many colors, pursuing solutions that may transform vivid and organized truth into justice—in this struggle, I say, resides the determinism without fatality of history.

We have the proof of it from the moment when each of us scrutinizes the history of his own psychism. In my youth—the inquiet, stormy, bitter youth of a pilgrim without a route—in want of science, I did not affirm, like Galileo and Newton, that there might be a rhythm of harmony in celestial mechanics, but I intuited this human ideal by some lamp of aurora in the limbo of dreams. Only that I saw it descend from a divine elevation, as it were, instead of rising from the tangible bosom of nature; and this error in the method of investigation, which originated in the complex web of phenomena, produced chaos in my untrained intellect.

Religious metaphysics is the sweet and passive support of those who feel without thinking or think without feeling, that merely let themselves drift on the unknown. . . . Grace is a balm at times; but, alas! it never cures, although it may please us. On this account, a common interest imposes on us a certain respect for the “pure in spirit,” and we leave them to the contemplation of “the kingdom of heaven,” as it does not do them any harm.

I also was plunged in ecstasy, in order to receive from heaven some doctrine for the earth; but that interminable waiting involved me in bootless sorrows, heightened by clamoring rebellions. That vision of a spiritualistic ideal on earth, irreducible, immovable, projected shadows upon the retina of vision as when clouds pass across the face of the sun. Then would I close my eyes toward the empyrean, in order to open them upon a more painful and disturbing delusion: the political feudalism of the times of my youth, uninstructed democracy that only knew how to die stoically upon its chains, thinking, as I thought, that it was offering a sacrifice to future liberation, with the advantage, in truth, of a virile confidence in itself, without knowing why or how! This spiritualistic ideal of my dream of ab-

solute justice floated in my brain in an imprecise manner, or it was blurred with each disillusionment. However, the butterfly of light necessarily became more and more human: as it were, the virtual power of all that hovers over the truly vivid life.

Thus I see it now, when I remember that this natural process produced motive currents in all my being, which bent themselves increasingly to the discovery of fleeting truth and to the duty of dying for it.

So it was that the young dreamer turned himself into a revolutionary and came to be heroic. To-day—old, solitary and obscure—by dint of so much active devotion, I have, by gradual practical stages, succeeded in causing the nebulous vision to finish vitalizing itself, by polarizing the vision of all those energies, which, reaching out toward every horizon, concur in organizing a progression, a civilization, a design of humanity.

I have come to defend it against the Pharisees who deny it and cast stones. The explanation of why stationary persons do not recognize the perfectable mutations of societies, as a destiny toward peace by the harmony of interests; and why, as I did in my youth, some transfer destiny to chimerical regions, on this side of the cross or beyond it—the explanation of both conditions of the spirit, let me say—resides in the lack of a biological criterion by which to interpret human life.

Without penetrating deeply into the phenomena and the relations of life, it is unwise to formulate any opinion whatsoever regarding the future of the realm of life itself, which is humanity. For this very reason, psychology and ethics, logic and pedagogy, have issued from their primitive uncertainties since they have received the powerful aid of the biological sciences, while they themselves are converted into true sciences.

To prove, to measure certain values and to hypothesize others—such is to-day the object of the biological sciences in exploring dominions formerly unsuspected, thus illuminating obscure aspects of “Energy,”

in which we can symbolize the creation and evolution of the physical planet on which humanity dwells and of the moral planet fashioned upon it by the same humanity. It is thus that we can discover about science a resplendent nimbus of poetry, and that poetry, abandoning its faded draperies, its delirious gestures of a pythoness, can strive to aureole itself with science, in order to be the interpretative intuition of phenomenal nature and revivify with luminous utterance the lethargized sciences. Thus is realized a sublime harmony: "a thought that loves; a love that thinks."

## II

### HUMAN DESTINY AND THE WILL OF LIFE

Within this formula of biological correspondences, more and more ample and profound, revolve and grow, after the manner of the physico-chemical, all the human forces. No section of humanity is insensible to the suffering or the happiness of the rest of it. An economic situation, a financial or industrial crisis in one continent, affects the other continents; which did not happen in former times so rigorously as to-day. The sanguinary calamity of Europe puts crape upon the most miserable cabin of our forests. What I desire to indicate by this is the idea and sentiment of an increasing interrelation between the tendencies of universal life, revealed, conjecturally, even in the sub-consciousness of nature, and more clearly, in proportion as progress be made in the observation of philogenetic, psychogenetic and sociogenetic facts, that is, in biological, psychological and social evolution.

An "autonomous science of life" may therefore be conceived of as the last stage in which may be synthesized the sciences that study all that is human, thus converting the classic "humanities" into the culminating chapter of scientific philosophy.

If life is an order *sui generis* of phenomena, is it arbitrary to attribute to it "will," design or finality? It is of imperative interest to resolve this unknown quantity favorably, else to write upon the lintels of existence: "Renounce all hope, ye who enter here!"

The study of human evolution yields an explanation of the general processes of civilization in directions and under aspects not too confused for induction and deduction. Certain it is that they develop in an inconstant line—by the solutions of continuity, of hiatuses and even of leaps—which disturb investigation as a whole, above all, in the presence of human struggles, in the entire field of the production, circulation and distribution of wealth.

Nevertheless, the result which no thinker denies is, that existence is becoming ampler; that life is enriching its arsenal of defence, vigilance and control, in order to secure some kind of concord; that imperialistic competitions are becoming gentler; that Utopias are descending or waiting, yielding, at length, as a result, order and the guarantee of the vital, moral and economic interests, which means to say, that they are seeking a level medium of social stability, based upon love and justice.

From the tertiary prehistory and historical antiquity, down through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the eighteenth century and modern times, the journey traveled by the naturalist, the sociologist and the philosopher, in the theoretical and applied sciences, is immense. Victories have been obtained over the most immovable primitive instincts, the most deeply rooted traditions, prejudices and errors, and even over the indifference, cowardice and cruelty of individuals and peoples entrenched in sufficiently vigorous egotisms. To-day humanity is in a position of triumphant progress toward an ardent longing for reciprocal coöperation, liberty and organic democracy, as a condition for guaranteeing all the free initiative that the integral unfolding of human personality may permit, by leveling the obstacles that the ancient spirit of feudal civilization opposes to the new spirit of the contemporary era. This new spirit formulates interpretations more fraternal and solidary than those of the terrible axiom that granted the right to exist only to the strongest, and it restores some meaning to the other axiom that the "last shall be first." Vanished are the

days of servitude, expropriations, enslavement, and of the massacre of the weak and the inapt: children, women, old men, small nations, innocent cities! These times have passed away because they are now guaranteed by the principle of universal life, summed up in the relations of reciprocal vital expediency. A new spirit, indeed, is manifest: the powerful victor no longer increases the wealth of his empire by wiping out the conquered state, because the labor and the productions of the conquered territory are an organ and function of the world, of the other nations. If the vanquished regions are desert and barbarous, it is only the part of wisdom for the invader to increase their cultivation and their fruitfulness, both in order that the natives may enjoy them and that they may be open to universal immigration. In proportion as nature is mastered, or more properly, as nature is comprehended, the orographic and hydrographic, and the ethnic, traditional and religious barriers that divide races, nations and groups, have been more and more leveled by human labor, in order to realize the harmony and unity of mankind.

It is true enough that the pessimists form a host, and although I classify them among the deluded upon better biological grounds than I do the dreaming idealists, unfortunately they still continue to deceive with their dialectic reed painted like steel. This appearance they secure because they take advantage of a group of facts diversely coordinated. This antagonism in the criterion of interpretation is originated and maintained by the equation of Life, whose unknown quantities are not cleared up in their totality by a scrupulous scientific analysis. However, as pessimism is not a philosophy, but a denial of proofs, I shall limit myself to examining this metaphysical school which although it affirms the existence of human destiny, denies that it is implicit in the will of life. The danger is very grave, since, by interposing the abyss of a blind faith, it obstructs all investigation and, for the Argentines, all probability of becoming incorporated with cultured humanity.

Reserving until later certain outlines referring to the mechanical theories for the explanation of the organic phenomena of man, I shall occupy myself with other aspects of the science of individual and social life, so much discussed by the theorizers.

### III

#### ILLUSIONIST PHILOSOPHY AND BIOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHY

The controversy may be summarized in two philosophies.

Scientific philosophy seeks the biological finality of individuals and societies by causal analysis and hypothesis in the series of comprehensible phenomena, external and internal. Spiritualistic philosophy investigates this finality by metaphysical speculation, which fashions a certain order of phenomena, independent of their physiological capacity, that, nevertheless, contains them. The spiritual entity not only overflows the organic unity, but it also inundates objective nature. It is imponderable and intangible, although its manifestations are tangibly coordinated with the nervous system.

Without scientific proof, its existence and dominion are affirmed, but we are ignorant of its genesis. No one discerns whence it comes, and if he doubts not that it will survive the destructive death of the earthly tenement, he does not venture even to measure the duration of this strange immortality. Besides, the spirit possesses during life and after death, according to the "spiritists," emanant powers for penetrating the essence of things, impenetrable to observation and experiment.

The two philosophies are antagonistic, but they are worthy of respect since they obey a generous aspiration to respond to the enigmas of life.

The supreme disquietude of men springs from the fact that both the "illusionist" and the "biological" philosophy arrive at distinct conclusions, or rather, at different explanations of the directive principles of society in relation to human destiny, perceived also on planes and at

poles that are contradictory. The disquietude is aggravated in proportion as man feels himself to be an integral part of nature, from which circumstance there arise and haunt him certain positive problems, the urgent solution of which—the secret of the Sphinx—is not to be found, save in the very realities interpreted by science.

This does not prevent our being ignorant of the fact that there exists already a tendency toward the "living formula," and that literature and art are beginning to point in the direction of the springs of biological philosophy; and therefore that the longing for conviction is increased in many of us, in proportion as the pick of science sows with ruins the field of illusion. These ruins are happily constructive of new ideas in harmony with our experience of the real, at the same time preventing the ruins from being tombs filled with victims incapable of resurrection.

Scientific philosophy recognizes also the mystery of the will of life, but it does not investigate it apart from its accessible or logically intuited manifestations, in order to work out a scientific idealism. . . . The postulates of science are neither vague nor fallacious; they lead, as a general result, to the conception of a harmony of physical forces that presupposes a moral harmony, that is, of human relations and tendencies. These idea-forces produce the social manifestations, acts and products that elevate, consolidate and perfect the harmony of primary, ponderable, tangible and measurable forces in a manner to be immediately useful, or in the character of an hypothesis. It is proper to say: Work to think and think to labor; and this is very wise counsel in human affairs, for if there be any one who thinks metaphysically—as Descartes said—inevitably he will work only physically.

Even at the risk of wearying you, on account of the poverty of my knowledge or my lack of genius, permit me not to confine myself to speculation when I offer you solutions of the great problems I shall submit to you in outline—of biological philosophy in history and in modern civilization.

## IV

## WAR AND VIOLENCE AS RELATED TO THE BIOLOGICAL WELL-BEING OF HUMANITY

The uncertain generalizations of physico-chemical phenomenonism, for the purpose of discovering a superior directive intelligence, have given rise to theories and doctrines contrary to those of an ideal of harmony in interhuman relations. I allude to the theories and doctrines of war with war, force with force, founded on the biological principle of necessity, in its Darwinian application, that victory, the very perfectability of races and civilizations, is to the strongest in material resources. Change the crude term of "strongest" into that of "aptest," and even so, this philosophy of victory, conquest, vassalage and extortion, even as a partial and an ephemeral expedient, this paradoxical generalization, stands definitely condemned by the facts of evolution, or it does not solve anything, until it shall prove that the greater capacity for wholesome conservation and the development of life is precisely every factor that tends to ample and reciprocal coöperation, to the fraternal division of work, instead of the annihilation of the active and latent energies.

Without plunging into an historical examination of the nations that triumphed because they were stronger or because they were apter, I shall bring to mind some contemporary evidence. In 1870 the German policy crushed France by a destructive war and an added bleeding by the exaction of five hundred millions in tribute. By this victory it was thought that Germany would not only impoverish and incapacitate her enemy, but also, by a delusive logic, that she would enrich the Germans and increase the Teutonic power, as a preamble to a future continental hegemony, begun immediately by territorial annexations. If the Teutonic confederation was stronger in arms, did it reveal itself apter in its philosophy? If the policy of the invader had effectively given France her death blow, Germany and the Germans would have been poorer by the amount of the capital and products of France, which, becoming richer and more

prosperous because of her potential biological aptitudes, welcomed German industry and commerce without limit; and it must be said to the Germans, that, instead of gaining, they lost by their victory and conquest of 1870. You know equally well that if from its smoldering ashes that radiant Phenix had not appeared upon the overthrow of the secular monarchy in 1789, the world also would have suffered in its economic organism and higher culture. From this may be drawn a most profound teaching, and it is that dynasties may be overthrown, governing oligarchies supplanted, political maps made over, and regions depopulated; but the will of life, always present in the organs of evolution, can not be slain. The France of 1870 returned to life through the coöperation of all the nations, just as our whole organism hastens to restore the tissue whose functions of a general order may have been disturbed by a common enemy.

To what then may be reduced the widespread doctrine of expediency, based upon the instinct of warlike combativeness deeply rooted in the biological depths, that is, in the man animal, even now marching in hords, as with Attila and Brennus? Nevertheless, as in geology, past human stratifications reappear. "Human nature," says General Storey, among others, "makes war inevitable." These, however, do not take the formidable wedges of evolution by the scientific training of facts into account. Precisely; the benefits conferred by this teaching of biological philosophy consist in adapting the martial energies, the passions of pride, self-love and honor, to the creation between the nations of a state of concord and arbitration for peace, which is the normal condition of fruitful life.

This digression and its attending controversies, on which I must embark, far from being inopportune and superfluous, impose the duty of keeping them always present, since the panygyrists of war possess intellectual influence, which is a great menace to the policy of states and a disturber of the standards that ought to inform public education. This doctrine falsifies ideas and distorts the movements

of the very life and prosperity of peoples, no less than it hinders evolution in its application to the succeeding generations. According to General Storey, "human nature makes war inevitable;" according to the celebrated Moltke, "it is God who imposes it;" and, according to Renan, "without war morality would perish." The bibliography is long. I think Roosevelt founded the dignity of nations upon their capacity to destroy offenders. In such pages I breathe something like the confined air of a closed old house . . . if indeed I escape the sterile horrors of history and of the present European conflagration. At any rate, if the reason for war is based on the fact that it maintains the physical and moral vigor of men and of peoples, you will agree that the aphorism will be more evident, if instead of "war" we put "work" which is the more genuine, inexhaustible fountain of all vigor, of all morality, except that those who, in our colony, snatched the metals from the rock, may be considered less worthy than those who employed them to impoverish Spain and Europe with their barbarous armies, or that the rich civilizations of México and Perú, founded on the peace and work of a governmental communism, were destroyed for the benefit of the morality, the culture and the evolution of the industries of the Peninsula, the reverse of the effects that followed the expulsion of the Moors.

## V

### LAW AND APTITUDE IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

Nevertheless, granted the present state of sociology, I accept a sole argument, *a fortiori*, in favor of violent measures: the menaced law of life without appeal. What, however, is the definition of law? . . . The codes are filled with sophisms, routinary prejudices, technicisms without sociological philosophy, abstracts and empirical formulas, in many passages. The decree is work, which is the sower of life, demanding peace and coöperation; and it might now have been exhausted on the planet, under the action of war. It is not, either, in the destructive struggle of

men, of fields sowed, of industrial manufactories, but in the conquest of the provident mother-nature, that awakens and inspires and sustains the greatest heroism, the true law of the struggle for subsistence, the touchstone for proving the strongest, the most apt, the most worthy, the most useful. Compare with this the horrible curse of military morality, pronounced recently by Clausewitz: "War must be fierce, to such a degree that it will not leave to the inhabitants anything but their eyes with which to weep."

By confusing isolated factors with law and substituting the means for the end, physical force has been erected into a political doctrine for the acquisition of wealth and for the stability and even the honor of the nations. Force, but not the will of life, has been the obsession of humanity, as we are demonstrating. Always, by false interpretations of true phenomena in the service of partisan dialectics, it ought to be explained that physical, brutal and skilled force has been and even continues to be, at least partially, the obsession of humanity, and even a mystical instrument of superior races in order to impose a certain civilization on the world. . . . It is considered the unit of value, so to speak; a title to glory, in the duel, in war; the right to social position, to the conquest of territories, to the acquisition of wealth, almost a pick-lock to open all the doors to success; the desideratum of the legendary Argentine parties, entitled Unitaries and Federals, but, indeed, only the inheritors of colonial centralism, with an ambition to take possession if the moral forces offered by the city of Buenos Aires, poor, ignorant and without any further aid than the merely symbolical leader. The superiority attributed to physical force is derived from the ignorance of all realistic philosophy, wherein physical force is a ponderable phenomenon, a sensation of the retina, and therefore, taking it as if it were an entire aspect, the very essence of life, its voluntary finality. From the beginning of civilization, many thousand years ago, force, employed as a shackle upon the liberties of man and upon the

moral movements of the psychic life, ideas and sentiments, has gone on decreasing, dislodged by imponderable factors perceived only by the mental vision, if indeed this classification be accepted as synonymous with a criterion of moral relations, with the following result:

1. That the strongest material force is inferior to mutuality, economic coöperation, financial credit and social and international solidarity.

2. That education through science brings more strength and renown to a nation than armaments.

3. That the marvelous function of physical force is required only when it is applied to nature, and in proportion to the knowledge that the mental agent possesses of phenomena. Therefore physical force does not suppress, does not debilitate any of the intellectual powers of man, but, on the contrary, these powers become intensified and appear more tangible in the course of historical evolution. So we ought to assign to industrial chemistry and mechanics the competition of Germany with England, and not to military power, which has led Germany to debilitate the nation and each of its inhabitants by burdens and the enforced mobilization of national energies.

Although on a smaller scale, it is what happened in the Argentine republic, when it put itself under arms, besides the enormous expenses incurred by the related services.

President Sarmiento, in order to gain possession of the province of Entre Ríos, spent more than fifteen million pesos, a part of it on railways. The province revolted after twenty-eight years of feudalism, overran the productive region and carried off its most virile and laborious workmen, with the sole result of falling afterward into an inferior political rank and setting back all development by many years.

It will be satisfactory to you to reach the conclusion that the political norm of the state is not that of a crown with vassals, a dictatorship with an army, an obligarchy with a president, but a democracy with constitutional and efficient sovereignty, and that a democracy will

not produce the benefits of evolution in ideas and in sentiments, except on condition of being educated in order to attain the will of life, which, in social order, is justice. It will be satisfactory to prove to you that the idea of the state, from Aristotle to our days, is graduated by the differentiation of the concept of that class of energies called material force, in respect of the other psychological energies, which regenerate and govern humanity, that is, the relations of solidary fraternity in feelings and coöperation in the realms of thought and in the efforts of labor, in order that individual and social conflict may not be settled by the physical force of the fist, by bullies or by armies, but by the regular action of moral tendencies: forces, in turn, more effective and more preservative, being at the same time the more active and powerful, epoch by epoch, from the one in which man had barely come out of his animal state, until to-day, when he dominates the earth, the sea and the air, by his thought.

Now, what determines this high, triumphant culture is the organization of the physical and moral forces toward an ideal finality of coöperative harmony, which supplies the joy of living, or happiness.

Education is lacking in meaning or it affords cruel deceptions by the absurd artifices of Penelope, if it does not obey this philosophical determinism. Humanity is not governed by theories that do not become organized into social institutions; but neither is it governed by institutions, if, in order to interpret and comply with them, criteria and wills do not exist. As it is education that ought to prepare them, it is proper that we reach an agreement regarding these two psychological syntheses: "judgment" and "character," of which I shall frequently make use

## VI

### JUDGMENT AND CHARACTER

"Judgment" is the intellectual, or rather, the psychical, function that interprets the ultimate value of facts, in relation to their determinate law and their proximate connections, since the knowl-

edge of isolated facts, without understanding them in their proper relations, would be as useless as pronouncing a sentence of a foreign language without its translation, or syllables without organizing them into a phrase.

"Character" is synonymous with will, and it is the complement of the laws of conservation and evolution, deduced by the interpretative judgment of facts, processes, concurrent forces, intangible or tangible, hurtful or helpful, that operate to promote existence and its adaptation to its environment, and its evolutions, whether these be positive or ideal, more or less relative or partial, more or less general and through long periods of time. It ought to be understood that it is not sufficient to be acquainted with the substances that may nourish or retard the tendencies that lead to the ideal, or, if we lack character or will for action, separate us from it.

Judgment foresees or intuits the implicit consequences of groups of visible facts, limited in their speciality. Character, by natural deliberative influences—*judgment*—executes the corresponding measures, by subordinating physical force and sentiment, and even inheritance and the instincts implanted by tradition. Both potencies, judgment and character, correct and invigorate the empirical data of experience, common sense, prejudices, illusions, thus clearing up the paths of the immediate or remote future of the individual or of society.

Amplifying the definition, and as data for the development of judgment and character in time and space, I add that to-day these psychological springs of action have attained a sensibility so exquisite and an organic consciousness so efficient and subtle, that any event that occurs in one region of the planet is immediately transmitted to the rest of the world, as by a vast nervous system, and it is rapidly perceived, even in its causes and effects—*judgment*—and it awakens sentimentality and voluntary reactions—*character*—which dictate protests and hostilities. It is proper to observe that these psychical evolutions occur in an ascending scale, from men and peoples

less educated, to cultures that have a complicated and refined philosophical cerebration.

Judgment and character represent therefore the two pillars of civilization and morality: judgment, for truth; character, for justice.

## VII

### SOCIAL SOLIDARITY

As you see, these premises contain two points of departure for an ample program of education that ought to be a profound, harmonious unity. With such objectives, the human spirit will, apart from instruction, hold debate with itself over the unsolvable, by reason of scientific impotency.

It is certain that some problems of modern philosophy still present themselves in a nebulous manner, but day by day they are being cleared up. After the manner of the cosmic nebulae, scientific study is slowly condensing its conjectures into laws. Educative instruction prepares the social evolution of ideas and sentiments, from the insignificant hamlet to the nation, from the nation to humanity. The most important of these condensations of vague spiritualism and floating idealism coincides with this exact principle of experimental philosophy: whether in the manifest historical conscience or in the preparatory subconsciousness of the proximate evolutions, it is proven or inferred that, rather than limited national interests, are discussed the supreme interests of humanity, summed up in three comprehensive words: science, work, justice—a social trinity, and therefore the trinity of educative instruction.

Rational analysis confirms and purifies these concepts, from among those the politicians are wont to abuse. So, democracy, socialism, the republic, the programs of all the parties of innovation, do not possess virtue of their own, do not consecrate any right, apart from the will of the agent. Neither does society originate in a contract, but in natural laws, that is, in a necessary condition of existence; therefore one of the recent advances in jurisprudence tends to lift the judge out

of formalism, in order to convert him into a vitalizing conscience.

Literary vagueness, and not scientific philosophy, has obscured ideas and disfigured their expression. Owing to the deficient intelligence of modern democracy, it is held that the state, which founds, ought to be homogeneous, it being thought that the heterogeneous destroys the harmonious unity of the nation whence it receives its reason for being. Without communism, syndicalism or other perspectives, fantastic at least for the present, democracy is the greatest victor of philosophy and the political art. Only through democracy can it be established that the people are not responsible for the acts of the head of the state, which, in such a case, is an abusive solidarity convoked by him to light the torch of international war for his benefit. By the same fiction are kept closed to men the frontiers, the financial capital, the very beliefs of the foreigner, an absurdity this as great as that of Xerxes, who attempted to chain the sea. It is well known that science, work and justice do little in each region and from each region, but in all regions their ideals irradiate, crossing over seas and mountains in order to obtain universal citizenship.

This victory belongs to democracy, in obedience to another realistic aspiration for vital renewal: mutualist coöperation in work and solidary fraternity in sentiment, the initiation of which pertains to the school. Let us recognize as of supreme interest the definition of this democratic concept, in its most ample sense, as "solidarity."

Let us at once consider it as a reciprocal and harmonious coöperation to serve the human ends of justice, the condition of social well-being. I insist that in saying "solidarity," I do not confuse with it collective responsibility, in order, for example, to condemn an entire people for the despotism that silences; or to incriminate it because the government, an oligarchy, a party, antagonizes any one without right, when the national mass, or a part of it, is not an accomplice in the attributed injustice. The Kaiser and the militarist party, for example, are not all

the Germans; and many Germans may be more worthy of the fraternity and solidarity of the French and the English than of their own compatriots, whether because of a greater difference of ideas and sentiments between them, than between them and their armed enemies. In like manner, let us not interpret literally the Christian injunction to turn the other cheek for a second blow. The biological judgment would be thus: if an excess of five hundred grams of blood is not necessary to my health, why not give it to a sick person who needs these five hundred grams of blood? Shall we then fall into a systematic political communism, as the organic principle and art of government? . . . By no means; the excesses of talent and wealth, entering into circulation, will maintain the equitable equilibrium of the poor in talent and wealth, as is verified by scholarly instruction.

### VIII

#### EDUCATION FOR FRATERNITY

We claim that the doctrine of solidary fraternity is neither a Utopia nor an aphoristic or theological abstraction, but a tendency of biological evolution. Even in the domain of the economic interests, which are the ones that ostensibly differ the most, because of the tendencies of wealth, cupidity and insatiable usury, observe that the vast British empire abandoned as barren its primitive seal of despotism and monopoly, in order to bestow upon its colonies constitutions almost sovereign, thus converting the imperialistic system into a confederation of autonomous states.

The ties of dependence between the central, dominating government and the colony are seen to be so tenuous, and the sentiment of nationality so vigorous, that the tributes, the expropriations, and, in short, all the schemes of strangulation, practised by the ancient political and economic schools, resulted only in failure, in order to give rise, as a substitute, to a system of exemptions, or solidary fraternity, in the industries and in commerce, the spontaneous creation and equitable distribution of human products, that is,

to harmony of reciprocal interests and to coöperation in efforts for the common good. This triumph of the will of life over the methods of violence and monopoly in international affairs is being applied equally to the internal affairs of nations against highhanded selfishness.

• The secret ballot is not for a party, but for a democracy composed of all the social classes that, by means of education, may give us a program of solidary fraternity in our politics and in our internal and international economics. The humanitarian ideal is being realized in all its manifestations. At the present moment western civilization is undergoing an eclipse. Some of the moral triumphs of the modern era have been annulled by the colossal disaster of the war. America, however, snatches up the banner, and, in defending it, she seeks the collective unity of the republics—the dream of Montegudo and Alberdi—not only to watch it in the sanctuary of the universal conscience, but, in the name of this universal conscience, to carry forward the development of the international principles and rules of arbitration, neutrality and the influences that make for harmony and peace—the rights and the duties of all the human family.

I settle upon a fundamental thought, that I shall not weary of supporting and inculcating, which is: If experience brings forward the vital problems of men and peoples, it is scholarly instruction that is charged with solving them by appeal to science. I am indeed convinced that socialism, democracy and representative government will continue to be what the leaders of the peoples are, not because of the intrinsic virtues of these systems, but because of the ignorance or fear of the masses themselves, lost in mystery, nearer to societies in embryo than to those that solidify and strengthen themselves around firmly rooted principles. Mystery and ignorance generate in human multitudes fear and its concomitant dissolvents. Therefore scholarly instruction dwells less upon the economic factor, fostered by itself instinctively, but principally upon the psychosociological aspect, which is as powerful as it is subtle.

Recall the French Revolution, with its initiation in a cyclone and a cataclysm: the terrible pressure of *the Mountain* although in the minority, dominated *the Plain* by terror. However, let us remember also, in verification of the biological theory, that if all their leaders found their way to the guillotine, the principle of equilibrium and self-preservation organized an army with an apostolate that lighted the democratic nationalities of Europe.

The secret ballot of our electoral law has banished fear from the Argentine Republic; but it has not yet endowed it with political judgment, because educative instruction has not yet fertilized it. It does not matter; democracy, like the fabled lance, cures with its rust the wounds made by its point. The army of right keeps pace with education; and while the citizen masses are being trained in school, we need, not the scions of party, but strong men of accepted moral authority, who shall conciliate all groups, harmonize and guarantee all interests and stimulate and protect formative ideas, curbing exaggerations, distinguishing retrograde prejudices from what is biological, and the Utopian from the probable.

Whence, by chance, we are going to contribute, in this hour of supreme anxiety, to the climax of a great universal historical drama.

We are ignorant of the first principles of the integral human life; but the evidence of the processes and the regularity of their analytical laws are sufficient to enable us to explain the past and to outline the future. The horrid conflagration of the old continents, with reverberations in the new, reveals to us that the moral world is in ebullition and profoundly shaken, from the levels of lingering barbarism to the higher ranges of modern civilization, in order that there may dawn an era of positive justice, as Life came forth from chaos.

This faith in the evolutionary continuity of history, purifying the social environment and renewing exhausted tissues and organs, is the flame of the aged, at which youth lights its torch! Although only partly explored, in the regions of the organic life of the planet palpitate the germs of all possible developments. Latent, they await the mysterious contact, then they boil, burst, and form human wholes, fashioned after the similitude of the sacred molds.

The children become men; they transform societies and push them forward by more intellectual dynamics, and along broader courses, so that currents of ideals go on silently perforating the obstructing crystallizations.

Thus is manifest the will of life, before which scepters and aristocracies, with their fortresses and cannon, are but fragments, in order that from the tragedy of imperialism there may be but one inevitable outcome: a free democracy; the people above the dynasty; the right of free examination above ukase and dogma!

Indeed, and I consume no more time in repeating it: children are the germs of this powerful social evolution. In them are incarnated and vitalized the marvelous hopes of humanity. Yes; they are the living faith, the constructive faith of the future cosmopolis, from whose spires will be disseminated to the four winds the gospel of truth, and it will lay the foundation of future human happiness.

On every account, seeing in human life an intimate will to perpetuate itself and to grow, and beholding in children the immediate future of mankind, which I long to see, and conceive it will be, better and better, I believe more and more firmly that no effort is more worthy and more fruitful than the one realized by educators in the schools, since in them, under the dual discipline of work and truth, the moral powers are prepared that shall increasingly intensify the will of life.



# IN PRAISE OF EMPLEOMANIA

BY

C. VILLALOBOS DOMÍNGUEZ

(A dialogue between two not uncommon types of men, in which one of the speakers, without having considered the subject seriously, assumes empleomania to be bad for the state and for the individual, while the other, observing among people generally a liking for the honors and "securities" enjoyed by public employees, and impregnated with the doctrines of governmental paternalism, defends empleomania, and argues that the state ought to provide occupation for all who may desire to enter its service.)

**P**ÉREZ: "So you also think it necessary to combat the desire for public office?"

GÓMEZ: "Oh, yes! it is a national peril, and it must be combated.

Pérez: "But this peril seems very plausible to me."

Gómez: "Do you say this seriously?"

Pérez: "Very seriously."

Gómez: "I have never heard any one defend such a thesis. All the world, without exception, considers empleomania an evil."

Pérez: "Perhaps nearly all those who say or write thus do it without thinking. They limit themselves to repeating without any thought. What we see is that all those who hold public positions wish to keep them, and that there are many more who are without them and would like to have them. Why should we vituperate them?"

Gómez: "In the first place, because what they desire is a sinecure."

Pérez: "A sinecure is a lucrative and but slightly laborious occupation, but the most of the salaries that the state pays do not exceed two hundred pesos.<sup>1</sup> With the present elevated cost of living, this is a miserable figure, and it is insufficient for the support of a family with the admissible minimum of hygiene and decency. Nor is double this amount sufficient, in Buenos Aires."

Gómez: "It is very little, certainly; but what makes these salaries so desirable is that they are obtained with very little work."

Pérez: "Not always. The most modest and laborious positions, such as the employment of a postman, for example, are as much sought after as any of the others. Besides, do you suppose that if the work of public employees in general were increased, there would be a shower of resignations?"

Gómez: "You are right: no one would surrender his job. However, there are other objections. You must understand that if a stop be not put to the custom of everybody's wishing to be an office-holder, no one will wish to prepare for the professions or build up enterprises for social welfare, and thus there would be a reduction of stamina in the struggle for life. It is very comfortable to lean on the government by occupying a secure position . . . with a pension!"

Pérez: "The clerical positions also are useful to society, and, to a proper extent, necessary. In a manufactory there ought not to be more than a certain number of office employees in proportion to the operatives; but the necessary ones are indispensable. Besides, and in the case of the state, not every public servant is an office employee; the teacher is not, for instance, nor is the physician of the board of health, nor the porter, nor the fireman. If the government should permanently employ many carpenters or chemists, many men would become carpenters or chemists, in order to obtain employment of this kind.

"You say the spirit to struggle for existence would decline? Why? Does it please you to see men fight for their *puchero*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>That is, per month. The Argentine peso is now worth about forty-two cents gold.—*Editor's note.*

<sup>1</sup>A national dish, not unlike the New England boiled dinner, but richer and with a greater variety of ingredients.—*Editor's note.*

like dogs, for a bone? If this that takes place now, should be suppressed, there would be removed from the world a spectacle that is sorrowful, cruel . . . and only slightly esthetic. They would struggle for things more worthy and decent.

"Take a look at those who occupy or aspire to occupy a government position, at a fixed salary and with security for old age. Do you reproach them for this liking for a certainty? What could be more natural and legitimate? What else is the purpose of humanity, and what other permanent stimulus has civilization than this pursuit of the means that gives security and contentment to existence? By means of clothes man shielded his body against extreme temperatures. With fire he completed his shelter from the cold. His existence, nevertheless, was exposed to unexpected attacks by wild beasts, and by his house he obtained this other protection for his life. Wells and cisterns secured him against thirst in localities remote from streams of water. Irrigation is another safeguard against the uncertainty of rainfall. With medicine he tries to defend himself against invisible enemies or accidents to his health, and, finally, he has succeeded in protecting himself fairly well against the isolated assaults of his own species by means of law, the police, public lighting, etc., although against the aggressions of the Germans in mass, or others of a similar kind, no effective remedy has yet been discovered.

"These safeguards include more or less all the members of civilized societies, but there are many comforts that are mainly the exclusive possession of a few fortunate persons; and the rest, with every right, try to obtain them for themselves.

"Now you see that this quest for security and happiness is not an exclusive mania of employees; all humanity is seeking them.

"Many of these advantages, however, fall to some without effort, through the privilege of property and inheritance (these indeed are sinecures!) and others, the larger part, obtain them only by hard work, the means of engaging in which may or may not be found, and which

is sometimes well paid and very often ill paid. In the case of an assured position, luxury may be wanting, but, at the same time, there will be no lack of the indispensable. What is so much sought in commerce and the industries, by the accumulation of capital, is done generally for the purpose of 'making sure of tomorrow.' A position with a pension tends, in another form, toward the same object, with a great moral advantage: that the employee does not feel himself urged, in order to secure his ends, to exploit or defraud any one, more or less legally; while those who are seeking wealth are incited, through force of circumstances, to get the best of their neighbors by any means whatever; and this converts many men into beasts of prey who spread ruin wherever they go."

Gómez: "Good! but how do you explain that in other countries people turn more toward free competition?"

Pérez: "Not so much. I understand that in France, Spain and Italy, countries with very shrewd people, every one who is not a capitalist would like, if he could, to devote himself to the service of the state; and you must know now that in England, the railway unions, after having found out what it means to work under the orders of the government, demand that, at the conclusion of the war, the railways continue to be under public management. Also probably the same thing will take place in the mines and in the merchant marine—in short, in nearly all the economic life of Great Britain. The United States is a country in which the liking for the struggle for economic competency seems to be more accentuated than in other countries; and the ferocious character that this struggle for life assumes there is notorious, according to the accounts of travelers; in New York, above all, but not in Washington, the city of public employees.

"In the Argentine republic, thanks to the immigrants, this dedication to public employment has been secured, until now, by the natives of the country more fully than in Europe. Do not imagine, however, that these preferences are very recent. I learned a short time ago that

Moreno reproached the *criollos*<sup>1</sup> of his time with having shown too keen a desire to secure the independence of the country, moved only by the wish to supplant the Spanish functionaries in office; and he told them that liberty was desirable for itself, disinterestedly, and so on. Moreno already believed, as erroneously as you, that empleomania is to be condemned; and the people of that time were already given over to the "perverse" inclinations we see in them to-day. What more do the psychologists need to learn to open their eyes?

"It seems to me a dismal ostentation or an artful malice—this ancient Christian effort to oppose systematically all the vital aspirations, instead of providing them with an outlet and a satisfaction by conserving always the legitimate rights of every one."

Gómez: "It is generally believed that the empleomanistic thirst is a defect of our compatriots."

Pérez: "I see, on the other hand, a proof of their fine instinct for perceiving what is best for them and for securing it in the most practical manner."

Gómez: "Nevertheless, it seems to me a somewhat cowardly attitude toward the problem of life."

Pérez: "No; it is giving it a brief and easy solution: *elegant*, as the mathematicians say. To criticise this in employees would be like blaming the settlers of a country for seeking out the most fertile lands, instead of being unselfish and going to the arid lands. Besides, the heroes of getting and saving make themselves so, like many others, from fear and by force . . . or from being nothing more than brutes, or from pure stupidity. It may be the only thing they have in which to glory."

Gómez: "Therefore, what justifies this eagerness for public offices and makes them desirable, is the permanency of the income?"

Pérez: "There is another, very important, and one that has been overlooked, by being the more profound. It is the psychological question of gentility and decency."

Gómez: "What is this you say! In what does it consist?"

Pérez: "In that, among us at least, the conditions being equal, everybody prefers to receive the payment for his work from the state or any other impersonal entity, rather than from another man; for in the former case there is naught either of humiliation or disgrace, while in the latter, there is much."

"When money is received from any one for doing or selling something, he who receives it is more or less humbled, degraded and offended by him who pays it. If one is a laborer under an employer who pays him wages, the employer gives as little as possible and that unwillingly. The workman or employee must receive it as a favor for which he ought to be grateful, and as if he were being maintained at the expense of his employer, who, on the other hand, is living and enjoying comforts at the expense of his subordinates."

"If he is a merchant or manufacturer—and therefore the proud master of others—one must humble himself that he may serve, please and flatter, not only one man but every one of the customers, bearing not infrequently with their baseless demands and whims. One must have as many masters as customers. This perhaps explains the frequency with which the owners of establishments abuse their employees, who in turn wreak their vengeance, I suppose, on their own women and children at home. This is human: every one who is compelled to submit to humiliation has a tendency to vent his feelings, as far as possible, on his neighbor. This is usual among porters and other persons in servile positions."

"Do you not consider all this frankly intolerable, after the passage of a century since the proclamation of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*? It is a survival of slavery and feudalism. You have the patrician and the plebeian, the master and the servant, the employer and the employee. The dominion of *one* man over another is diminished, but it has not disappeared."

"On the other hand, no one attempts to exploit an employee of the government, for no one has a direct interest in doing it, and his salary is received from another

<sup>1</sup>Creoles: according to Spanish definition, the offspring of European parents, born in any other part of the world.—Editor's note.

employee who serves as payer; and, since this is his function, and the money does not come out of his own pocket, he passes it over with perfect naturalness . . . and even with good manners! One collects because he has done his work; and he has to thank no one, nor has any one an excuse for thinking himself greater than another.

"These things are very well known among employees, although they may never have taken account of them. They know them by instinct; and if among us there is such a lively, intuitive sensibility with regard to these relations, it is but another proof that we are of a fine and susceptible race.

"For these reasons you will see that, other conditions being equal, and even at a lower salary, any clerical worker prefers employment with a railway to employment in commerce; and any clerk would rather be with Gath y Chaves<sup>1</sup> than with a small merchant; for theirs are impersonal establishments, not unlike the state in the respect mentioned."

Gómez: "I had never thought of this, and I recognize, upon a careful consideration of things, that there is more dignity in being a modest employee or worker for the state than in earning a living in apparently higher occupations, such as those of the merchant, attorney, etc., which oblige one to live by trying to win the favor of others with flattery or deceit, striving with might and main for every cent, without saying anything about those who are under employers. Yet not all professions are like this."

Pérez: "Nearly all; with the exception of the profession of medicine, which is lucrative and independent, and which does not imply subserviency to patients, any one who has to work and is not a public employee or capitalist can live only by subjecting his individuality to one or more determinate persons. The condition of the agriculturist, the owner of the estate he cultivates, is also noble and without a sense of dependence on others, since the products of the soil are always

sought at a certain fixed price, without his having to gain the good will of the buyer or to enter into competition with others, as one must commonly do in so many ways if he would win success with industrial products. I see no other exceptions."

Gómez: "So that, according to you, the only dignified calling for citizens who work is that of the proprietary agriculturist, the public employee . . . or the physician. Since, however, it will be necessary to create many positions besides those of the doctor and the farmer, and since the government will not be able to give occupation to all the rest of the men. . . ."

Pérez: "Why not? What else is happening now in the belligerent countries? Almost the entire population, both of Germany and even of individualistic England, is either in the ranks or working under the direction of the government. This war is the triumph of *statism*, and it has also destroyed the sophism that the state is necessarily a bad administrator. It has been seen, on the contrary, that it can manage the most diverse activities with the maximum of efficiency. In the same way as it now manages the industries for the purpose of destruction and death, it could and will carry them on for the purpose of living and creating."

Gómez: "Our government has never been a famous administrator."

Pérez: "That is true. Some of the public service, however (such as public instruction, the postal service, works of public health, etc.), are not so bad, we may say, and they are always improving. Let effective universal suffrage exist, and administrative excellence will come as a natural result. We already see it approaching."

Gómez: "Therefore the government ought to be counseled to. . . ."

Pérez: "Yes; since it is understood that its reason for being is to produce for its citizens the greatest amount of happiness in proportion to its means, it must continue to extend its oversight and direct administration to the largest possible number of useful social activities, in order to give by means of them employ-

<sup>1</sup>A firm, with headquarters in Buenos Aires, that has "department stores" in a number of South American cities.—*Editor's note.*

ment to all its citizens, since this is what they desire. See what disturbances are being caused in several of the provinces by the struggle between the political factions that contend for the limited number of existing public positions. Would it not be reasonable, useful and proper to try to please them all?"

Gómez: "But this would be state socialism."

Pérez: "Very well; it would be state socialism. Our reasoning also demonstrates another need: that in this country, in which every inhabitant wishes to be a public employee, there are many people with socialist tendencies . . . and they have them without knowing it."

Gómez: "Why then do our political socialists sometimes censure and oppose empleomania?"

Pérez: "I do not know if they have considered the subject well. Perhaps some of them would change their minds . . . if they knew about this conversation we are having! It is possible, on the other hand, that there are too many people in the office, considering the present number of officially controlled employments."

Gómez: "And do you not see a danger in this vast increase, in this hypertrophy of the state? The country would be a sort of Jesuit mission or a kind of barracks!"

Pérez: "I see no danger, always provided those in power be elected, I repeat, by universal and secret ballot. Regard-

ing the missions, it should be said that they were a system for civilizing the indigenes, superior enough indeed to the present methods, by which the poor Indians are maltreated. Progress has been very slight during these three centuries. In short, however, between what I approve of and the mission system there is the great difference, the enormous difference that, in the Jesuit missions, the directing officers were not elected by the Indians . . . and besides we are not Indians!"

Gómez: "I am convinced! but if any one should object that, after all, no great expansion should be given to the dogma of obedience to the state, but, on the contrary, it ought to be restricted, in defense of individual liberty, what can I answer him?"

Pérez: "That it would be a gain for true individual liberty. However, if you prefer, instead of answering, you might laugh, and ask the one who suggests this to you two things: If he occupies a public office; and if, as is probable, he has that good fortune, to tell you whether he has a great desire to relinquish it."

Gómez: "Oh! if a government were to announce and undertake to carry out among us this program that you propose, of giving employment to all the world, it would be immensely popular. For, in order to hold a public position, the people are ready for anything."

Pérez: "For anything! Even to work."



# ESTHETIC EDUCATION<sup>1</sup>

BY

ERNESTO NELSON

(The author emphasizes the difference between the development of the artistic sensibilities and gifts of children, on the one hand, and the imposition of dogma, on the other; he censures teachers and the literary and graphic artists among his countrymen for their failure to understand and properly to provide for the young; and he directs attention to the spirit and methods of education in what he calls "the other America," as an illustration of the right attitude toward children.)

IN OUR artistic education, the main problem seems at present to be that of giving to art a social use, by converting it into an effective instrument for civilization and happiness. Our artistic education is somewhat one-sided. We may properly be reproached for having exalted the least important of the aspects of art, at the expense of others that are of greater importance. We have failed to recognize, I think, that art is rooted in the emotional and subjective, while, at the same time, laying all stress to the objective and technical value of its expression.

In introducing art into education, our genius has applied itself preferably to giving the child symbolic facts, to imparting a knowledge of the grammars of art, while attaching slight importance to the emotions, to the idea, to the life, in short, that should be sought back of these symbols, and which, on the other hand, gives to them their only reason for being. It seems therefore as if, in placing the child in contact with the written word, we had lost sight of the human content of these symbols, and had preoccupied ourselves merely with technical details and processes. We can even say that in neglecting the human use of art as an emotional expression, we not only deprive the child of the opportunity of exercising a function of prime importance, but we, in reality, endanger the full acquirement of artistic technique.

The divorce of art from life, of which it is a transcript, has given rise to the so widely spread preoccupation that art is something apart from human nature and

intellectual concepts, and that its formulas and principles govern us from outside of ourselves, as the citizens of a country are moved by certain laws and treaties in the elaboration of which they have had no hand. Few are those among us who arrive at the conclusion of their education with the ability to stamp an esthetic seal of their own upon the medium that surrounds them. Excepting those homes in which refinement of surroundings has constituted through the generations, a true esthetic education, the most of our people seem to have lost the artistic intuition of the race from which they sprang, and become a prey to all the bad taste that stamps itself alike on architecture, and furniture and their musical, pictorial and decorative preferences.

There is no lack, it is true, of esthetic "education." Up to the present we have been occupied especially with spreading a kind of esthetic "instruction," if I may be permitted to repeat here a well known contradiction of terms; a contradiction that is also valid in this case, since, in art, as in the other aspects of culture, instruction, not vitalized by the expression that is proper to it, breeds nothing but superficiality, verbosity and dogmatism.

So, although we make the child the object of our educational concern in the question of art, as is proved by the fact of giving a certain importance to the teaching of drawing and music in the schools, we have not succeeded in converting the child into an active participant in the process that ought to terminate in the formation of an aptitude of his own, with a clear, critical sense, and with a refinement of the faculties of perception, such as would permit him to enjoy the full

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered before the Liga de Educación Estética of Buenos Aires.—*Editor's note.*

esthetic pleasure. The child is a passive subject in the learning of formulas and principles that have for him no meaning, reality or validity.

In the Latin races the child is an entity that hardly counts in the social aggregate. In our relations with him we proceed as if childhood were a defect, if not burden of civilization, a blemish that must be covered as soon as possible with the varnish of adult conventions. A spirit in embryo is for us an imperfection. It is that, at bottom, all our veneration is for things, and not for human personality. We are concerned with the result, but not with the process itself of life. Civilization is for us the sum total of what we call institutions, laws, ideas, books, verses, statues, pictures. Far from maintaining that these things should be converted into the mere tools of happiness and of life, we make men slaves to them. We suffer thus from a strange intellectual materialism, which causes us to behold with inquietude the possibility of endangering these achievements if we deliver their fate to a plebecite of men educated in freedom from childhood. We fear for the fate of a civilization left to the instincts of the generations that come afterward. So, infancy is, for us, the object of an intense solicitude. We seek to force the child to enter into civilization, and not to cause the elements of civilization to enter the normal and genuine life of the child. Behold, in contrast here, as it were, our archaic educational ideas with the doctrine that is sadly and painfully struggling to open a way for itself in modern society!

Therefore, in spite of our anxiety to cause the child to acquire the external symbols of civilization, he is certain to be abandoned as the unhappy waif of this same civilization. Our librarians and teachers know how slight is the production of books that really delight and entice the child. It is true that the personality of the child has been used in literature, but it has been at the expense of the child, rather than in the child's behalf; somewhat in the same way as the painter of *plafonds* utilizes in his decoration the chubby figures of winged infants in the most unlikely of all attitudes. In the

meantime, Argentine literature has not produced a single poem that a child can recognize as his own, in which are reflected without misrepresentation his whole ingenuous personality. Let us accept it, as well as we can, that the child must swallow, in the sugared beverage we serve him with the name of infantile poetry, the bitter admonition behind which he glimpses the stern face of the poet; but why should not the poet resign himself to lying flat—I say it figuratively—in order that the phantasy of childhood might prance for a little while up and down his back, free of inexplicable conventions.

Nor has the child moved the brush of the artist in order to cause him to express the episodes of infantile life, in the way they have been portrayed, for example, on the delicate canvases produced in the other America, by Jessie Wilcox Smith and Elizabeth Greene, both for their enduring fame and the delight of the millions of children who have found themselves for the first time the protagonists of the infinite scenes in which are set forth their joys and their tragedies, felt and reflected with sincerity and genuine sympathy.

We do not know hereabouts—and this is the worst part of it—that the child ought to live his own life, if his development is to culminate in perfect manhood. In consequence of scientific studies, participated in by thousands of investigators whose names fill the pages of treatises on child psychology, the schools of the United States have finally put in the hands of children, in order that they may effect their first chromatic combinations in their incipient works of art, the crude colors whose introduction into the school, for the purpose indicated, was regarded as a pedagogical crime hardly ten years ago, under the pretext that the child must not vitiate its senses by contact with inharmonies that a refined taste has now excluded from the realm of agreeable artistic sensations. It seems to have been discovered, however, by psychology, that, just as the fruit never arrives at its perfect maturity, if the impatience of the gardener suppresses or shortens the period during which the fruit is green or sour, so

neither can the child ever acquire that perfection and equilibrium of taste that belong to a mature personality, if he has been denied the opportunities for the expression of primitive ideas, necessarily at variance with ours.

This is one of the precepts for which, although popularized to-day, we have the most repugnance in practice. The Americans of the North have accepted it without hesitation as the cardinal idea in the education of the child, and thus have succeeded, by appeal to esthetic education, in enriching and ennobling the existence of childhood with an art that is all its own. Any one who travels in the United States is surprised at the prominent part that music plays in the activity of the nation; of the popular favor that is accorded to concerts, which attract great multitudes to the colossal auditoriums where they are given, and in order to assure an entrance to which the audiences submit to the inconveniences of long waits, without terror of the inclemencies of the weather. The observer is surprised at the number of choral societies, orchestras, "quartettes," "quintettes," "sextettes" and other groups of which the most modest town can boast. The secret of this identification is in the school, where, from the first grades, the children compose their own songs, the words as well as the music, which, transferred to the musical staff on the blackboard of the school-room, con-

stitute the first step in the study of musical notation. This process is then completed with the vital correlation of music with the other aspects of school life, when the children of the classes in history compose collective musical pieces, marches, hymns and songs to the personages in the legend or history, weaving these artistic activities into theatrical dramatizations, equally their own creations.

This spirit of sympathy, of respect for childhood, this faith in the bio-psychological law, that from the perfect child is born the perfect man, is reflected in the teaching of the other arts, made to be what they legitimately are: means for the expression of feelings and ideas. Thus the teaching of drawing has been vitalized, by causing this art to be the ideological language of the child, in such a manner that his drawing-books cease to be distasteful collections of subjects without life and without interest, and they become documents that portray the real existence of the child, describe his observations, his opinions regarding persons and things, his incipient social criticisms and his most intimate ideals.

Only by strengthening from infancy the ties that unite what is in the spirit with artistic expression, which is its objective equivalent, can a society of children be made into a society of grown people, in which art shall perform its properly human mission.



# THE COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES WITH LATIN AMERICA DURING THE WAR

BY

ERNESTO J. J. BOTT

1. The possibilities of commerce between the United States and Latin America determined indirectly by the breaking out of the European war. 2. The capacity of North American industry and commerce for realizing these possibilities. 3. The lack of ability to adapt itself to the conditions of these markets which has been attributed to the United States in Latin America. 4. Efforts made by the United States to facilitate the realization of the possibilities resulting from the situation caused by the war. 5. The widespread conviction in Latin America that these possibilities are being fully realized. 6. Synthesis.

## I

FROM the last months of 1914, the conviction has been diffused in our continent, that one of the first consequences of the European war for the American peoples, and perhaps the most important, by reason of its possible influence upon inter-American policies, would be the complete displacement of the currents of the external commerce of these peoples. Necessarily, it was thought the United States would replace, in large measure, the industrial currents of Europe by supplying the manufactured products that the Latin-American consumers need. The improvement or the extension of means of communication, as well as more active commercial and financial arrangements, etc., would facilitate an increase in the exportation of natural products by the Latin-American countries to the Anglo-Saxon republic.

It is not necessary to outline here the changes produced by the state of war in the situation of European commerce and in that of the United States in its relation to the Latin-American countries, since we have already discussed this in several studies published in 1915 and 1916.<sup>1</sup>

On the other hand, the organs of publicity throughout the continent have occupied themselves sufficiently with this change in the relative situation to enable the public in general to understand it clearly.

## II

We therefore limit ourselves to establishing the fact that, disregarding the difficulty of increasing the currents of commerce, due to the insufficiency or the deficiency of the means of transportation, the industries, and, as a result, the export commerce of the United States, has been since 1914 undoubtedly in a position to replace in part the export commerce of Europe. We have conclusive evidence of this in the fact that, during the two decades preceding the war, North American industries had been able to compete advantageously with those of Europe in the *European markets themselves*, in spite of the fact that the products of the former were burdened with freight charges and custom-house duties, while the latter were not, in the countries of their origin.

There was even a moment (during the last years of the nineteenth and the first years of the present century) in which the European industrials believed they saw a danger in this competition. It was the fashion then to talk in Europe of a possible North American "industrial invasion" whose future extent and probable consequences none would be able to foresee at

<sup>1</sup>*América ante la catástrofe*; Boletín del Museo Social Argentino, No. 37-38 (January-February, 1915).—*El mercado argentino para las exportaciones norteamericanas*; La Argentina Económica, No. 106 (March 15, 1915).—*Hacia la unificación económica de América. La próxima conferencia*; Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas, No. 65 (February 12, 1916).—*La Conferencia Financiera Panamericana. El balance de sus resultados*; La República, of Córdoba (April 29, 1916).

the moment. How would this "industrial invasion" have been possible, in view of the fact that labor is dearer in the United States than in Europe, and that North America contended with a considerable disadvantage, due to the burden of freight charges and custom-house duties imposed on its exports?

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu explains this to us very clearly in his work, *Les Etats-Unis au XXe siècle*, which is a study on the results of the United States census of 1900, completed by certain more recent data:

It is the development of industry that directs to-day, and will more and more direct, attention to the United States. It is principally to it that the activity of Americans is devoted, with marvelous results obtained. What are the causes of this success? The Americans themselves recognize five principal ones: their agricultural resources; their mineral wealth; the development and perfection of their means of transportation; internal freedom of commerce in all their territory; the fact that their population is free from "ultra conservative ideas and those inherited from the past." This is set forth in the report of the census of 1900, which, without letting itself be carried away by national pride, recognizes the part that nature has played in the economic potency of the Union.<sup>1</sup>

The true causes of the progress of America are much more profound. They are indeed those indicated in the report on the census, and they can always be summed up thus: the natural resources of the country are immense; its population is the product of a selection of energies that are still developed by the influence of the surrounding medium, that new environment in which all grows quickly, in which work and intelligent daring can produce much more rapidly a much larger return than in Europe. If it be desired to enter into details, one must admire the ductility of American industry, and the rapidity with which it undergoes transformation, the good organization of commerce and of transportation, the rarity of routine and of prejudices against machinery, among laborers, the spirit of adventure, among capitalists, initiative on the part of the directors of enterprises and of higher employees, who are always in search of better technics and of more apt assistants.<sup>2</sup>

More than ever ultra-Atlantic competition,

whose impulse was for a season reduced, is coming to be dreaded to-day in the industrial world. An exceptional prosperity had so increased the internal consumption during recent years that the exportation of American manufactured products had not increased so much as was expected around 1900. This endured, however, but for a time; and the American invasion is beginning anew. We have witnessed, during the first quarter of the twentieth century, in the sphere of industry, a movement very similar to what was seen during the last quarter of the nineteenth century in that of agriculture. Articles manufactured in America will enter competition, as much in Europe itself as in the new countries, with the industrial products of the Old World.<sup>1</sup>

. . . the United States is to-day by far the first industrial nation of the world, as it is the first country in agriculture; and it seems fairly exact to say that its industrial power, expressed by the value of manufactured products, quintupled between 1860 and about 1894, while that of Germany merely doubled, that of England increased by a half only, and that of France by even less.<sup>2</sup>

Based thus upon a highly paid but extremely productive labor, upon daring capital, upon a spirit of enterprise always awake and in search of every improvement, and, finally, upon colossal natural riches, it is not surprising that American industry has come to be the most powerful in the world.<sup>3</sup>

In spite of all this, such expressions regarding American industry will appear to be in marked contradiction to certain estimates which, since 1914, have been repeated, both in the United States and in the Latin-American countries, until they have taken on the appearance of established truths, accepted by the generality of public opinion. These latter conceptions regarding it may be reduced to a recognition of incapacity or a lack of ability on the part of North American merchants to adapt themselves to the commercial customs of the Latin-American countries, and to the inability or the lack of adjustability on the part of North American industrial producers to meet the needs of the Latin-American markets. We analyzed these ideas concretely in a

<sup>1</sup>Paul Leroy-Beaulieu: *Les Etats-Unis au XXe siècle*, (preface, p. xvi).

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. xviii.

<sup>1</sup>Paul Leroy-Beaulieu: *Les Etats-Unis au XXe siècle*, (p. 398.)

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 192.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 398.

study published some time ago<sup>1</sup>, which led us to the conclusion that *up to a certain point* the adaptation of North-American industry and commerce to these markets can be effected without difficulty; and that if, going beyond this point the adaptation is somewhat difficult, it is because the characteristics of American industry and commerce are superior to those of these markets, as being the result of a more practical and efficient culture, in relation to the conditions of modern life: in other words, of a culture better fitted for the biological struggle.

We also established that, although beyond the point to which we have just referred, this adaptation be possible even if difficult, it would be better for our countries that their commerce should be the one to adapt itself to North American requirements. This affirmation is based naturally upon the superiority of the relative culture of the one to the other.

We ought to add that we consider that North American public men tend to be too condescending when they concern themselves with this point. They have laid too much stress on the deficiencies of the merchants and industrial producers of their country, or if not, they are content to describe as defects certain characteristics that would not be classed thus by any one who considers the facts objectively, in good faith, and who has formed a scientific opinion. We base our judgment upon a detailed study of the proceedings of the Pan American Financial Congress, held in Washington in 1915,<sup>2</sup> rather than upon casual estimates or superficial newspaper articles. The body of the discourses, resolutions and memorials published in these proceedings constitutes a sufficient ground for an opinion as to what is the *attitude*

of the public men of the United States. We do not lose sight of the fact that this attitude was determined, in a large measure, by the deliberate purpose of emphasizing the cordiality of the relations existing between the Latin-American peoples and the Anglo-American nation, so as to eliminate all divergence of opinion that might become a source of friction. Also we do not overlook, nor are we unmindful of, the possibility that these opinions may not agree wholly with the inward convictions of North American men of affairs. Since we are defining facts objectively, however, the first of these possibilities may not prevent, and the second urgently impels us to rectify, the inexact estimates more or less clearly implied.

On the other hand, attitudes such as these, or circumstantial facts, that tend to produce a determinate effect at a given moment, have an influence that necessarily exceeds this object, since they are used as a basis, both by those who describe the present situation and by those who will write history. Therefore the exact definition of the profound realities, which they present deformedly, always affords a scientific interest.

It might be objected that, since for the export commerce of the United States, it is a question of partially replacing the export commerce of Europe in these markets, it would be sufficient to place itself in the same conditions in which the latter was. In other words, the European industrials and merchants had learned how to adapt themselves with relative facility to the conditions of our markets. Thence it would follow that if this adaptation presents difficulties for the industries and commerce of the United States, the situation is to be explained on the ground of an

<sup>1</sup>*La adaptación del comercio exportador de los Estados Unidos a las condiciones de los mercados latinoamericanos; La Argentina Económica*, Nos. 135-136 (May 15 and 30, 1916).

<sup>2</sup>Particular attention is called to an address delivered during the second session of the Congress by Mr. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce (Proceedings: page 125 and following). In this oratorical piece paragraphs as surprising as the following are encountered:

"It is perfectly well known to our friends in Latin America that we of the north lack the more gracious and formal manners so pleasantly visible throughout

our sister nations to the south. We have not the same courteous style in correspondence. We lack the recognition of the politenesses which so pleasantly illuminate the path of our Latin-American brethren. We are thought abrupt if not rude in manner and in speech, especially in written speech, and if this be taken relatively it has in it a certain measure of truth. . . .

"There is, I venture to think, sometimes a tendency in other lands to regard us as ill-bred because of this assumed brevity of speech or because of certain characteristics of language or of manner that seem, to say the least, peculiar to people accustomed to statlier ways of intercourse."

inferior efficiency for commercial competition. This objection would be inconsistent. In fact, beyond the point to which we have referred before, the adaptation of European commerce to the conditions of these markets (a modification of the commercial practices established in Europe) has disturbed the normal evolution of the economic life, by creating abnormal latent situations the liquidation of which has produced injuries both to foreign commerce and to national commerce in these markets, and, as the result, to all the economic life of these countries.

Without undertaking to define all the kinds of cases in which this abnormal adaptation has been produced and all its consequences, we confine ourselves to pointing out the unlimited extension of credits that has involved several branches<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>We said, with regard to this, in an article published more than two years ago (*La hipertrofia del crédito*, published in *La Argentina Económica*, No. 99, November 11, 1914):

"Liberality of credit is a primary condition of rapid national progress, since it is the means of which commerce avails itself to extend its radius of action far beyond what its own resources would permit, without mentioning the considerable disproportion that exists between the sum of the possibilities offered by the country and the amount of its capital in circulation. Nevertheless, in order to distribute its advantageous results, ample credit ought to be extended to the regions or the kinds of activity in which potential wealth, and favorable conditions for the creation of wealth, give promise of remunerative return, rather than to realms in which the economic life, in full development, does not require extraordinary stimulation, but only to be nourished normally.

"The productive power of credit, its influence upon national progress, and therefore its 'social utility,' will be much greater in the former than in the latter situation, in which it must always favor an economic development superior to the capacity of the environment, that is, constructive, building from the ground up, in the same way as a given quantity of water has a power for creating wealth infinitely greater, if it is destined to irrigate entirely arid land, than if it is to water ground already saturated with moisture, in which an exaggerated development of vegetation is sought, but whose apparent exuberance is changed into a forced inferiority of product.

"The great expansion of commercial credit takes place where the most credit exists, where there is less need of it, as a consequence of commercial competency, an effect that acts and reacts upon itself, exaggerating more and more the inflation of credit, until a state of more or less intense crisis is reached. In effect, wholesale commerce, which in the markets where competition is inconsiderable, is able to impose the conditions of payment most advantageous to its interests, is obliged in places of dense commercial concentration, to offer the trade greater and greater inducements, in order to offset efforts made by competitive dealers to get possession of it.

of commerce in a state of latent and permanent crisis. That is, if North American commerce is refractory toward this adaptation, this fact precisely demonstrates the superiority of the characteristics of North American commerce. On the other hand, the supposed objection would only lead us to the conclusion that, beyond the point we have established, and both in their commercial relations with Europe and in those with the United States, it would be well for our countries if their commerce should adapt itself to the conditions of

"Such inducements may consist in a reduction of price or in easier terms of payment, the granter of credit, deceived in part by over-confidence, always tending toward the latter of these, during periods of prosperity, in a country of rapid development.

"As a means of increasing business, liberality of credit is certainly much more effective than advantageousness of prices, inasmuch as the merchant, without ready money, would be entirely prevented from buying, however satisfactory the operation, while, in turn, speculating upon the probability of realizing on the goods received, before having to settle for them, he is almost always tempted by the business. Besides, the wholesaler considers that if he discounts the documents obtained as a guarantee of credit, he loses only the bank interest involved in the extension of the payment—and in this is the element of chance, as we shall see next—while, since the reduction of the price, considered in relation to the total value of the merchandise, would be inconsiderable and would not have much influence upon the mind of the purchaser, it is sufficient to reduce his benefit to a minimum or to annul it.

"An example will make this clearer: an article that costs \$100.00 and was for sale at \$120.00 is reduced to \$105.00. The difference of \$15.00, with respect to the total price and in the eyes of the purchaser, is of little importance, while for the seller, it is of enormous importance, since it represents the sacrifice of almost his entire profit.

"As a result of the tendency noted, the period of five or six months, traditional in our commerce, and already sufficiently extended, if the purchase be made at sixty or ninety days, which obtains in European commercial operations, had gone on extending greatly in certain lines until it has reached generally periods of more than a year, without the maximum limit of six months, imposed by banking institutions for the discount of notes, placing a barrier against such an anomalous situation. The difficulty is solved by the signing of a short term first note which the beneficiary engages to renew upon its maturity, without interest. There should be added to this that when the total stipulated time for the operation expired it was common for the debtor to pay only a part of the discount obtained upon a new postponement of settlement. Recall that the endorser who operated on a large scale found it necessary, at the end of each month, to take up the major part of the discounted paper, using for this purpose the funds obtained by means of the discount of the new notes signed for the renewal of those that were about to mature, and an idea will be gained of the fictitious basis upon which a part of our commerce was carried on. Being truly abnormal, it was preparing a crisis in a time of full prosperity."

foreign commerce, instead of hoping that the contrary may occur.

#### IV

Let us consider it established that the government of the Union has taken all the steps necessary to produce within its sphere of activity a situation favorable to the extension of commercial interchange. Its efforts have not been limited to the act, passive after a manner, that consists in the removal of obstacles (laws, regulations, etc.), that might render difficult the development of forces that would spontaneously be brought into action: it has also applied all the stimulus at its command to what certain of its forces developed and which tended, not only immediately to strengthen commercial relations, but also to produce favorable conditions for their progressive extension in the future.

Considering the total of activity developed by North American private institutions and enterprises and by the government of the Union, we can affirm that the United States had done everything necessary in order that the situation created by the breaking out of the war should produce all possible favorable consequences (as favorable for the Latin-American markets as for the United States); in other words, in order that the possibilities that had been outlined from the end of 1914 should be realized. In one or another aspect this action has been less effective than in its whole. Some undertakings have not produced the results that were hoped for; but if we generalize instead of entering into particular details, we must recognize that the estimate we have just made is correct.

Since 1914 two Pan American economic congresses (the Financial Conference of 1915 and the meeting of the High Commission for Uniform Legislation in 1916) have been held. Numerous official and private delegations have made the round of the Latin-American markets; the government of the Union and several private institutions have invited public men, Latin-American merchants, to visit the United States, affording them all the necessary facilities to assure the success of

their investigations; branch banks have been established in a number of South American cities; and an energetic campaign has been carried on for the spread of information.

#### V

The conviction that the situation created by the war ought necessarily to produce an intensification of commercial relations, the stimulus of ideas fostered upon the initiative of the government of the Union tending to facilitate this intensification, and the evidence supplied by certain concrete facts, generally of minor importance, that appear to demonstrate that the increase in North American exportations of certain kinds of products to one and another Latin market was in full realization, has caused Latin-American opinion to believe that the possibilities outlined in 1914 were realized in 1915 and 1916. In effect, certain organs of publicity in these countries and some of the public men who direct the opinion of these organs, usually refer to the increase of commerce with the United States as a fact already established. In the United States itself many estimates in accordance with this belief have been made, and these were commonly based upon the comparison of partial data; but, on the other hand, many men of affairs<sup>1</sup> and several newspapers have categorically affirmed since the first months of 1915 that the realization of the favorable possibilities resulting from the situation produced by the war was much less easy than people tended to believe. Since 1916 there has been perceived, in a part of the public opinion of the United States, the conviction that the results obtained by North American commerce in Latin America are perceptibly inferior to those expected, and that, in view of the probabilities created by the war situation and of the ef-

<sup>1</sup>The paragraphs of an address delivered by Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, in the First Pan American Financial Congress, which we have transcribed in a note in our study, *Las tres políticas internacionales puestas en presencia, en los Estados Unidos, por la elección presidencial* (No. 57-59) of that Bulletin, make clear what was, during the first months of the war, the attitude of many North American public men regarding the economic possibilities that were foreseen for that country.

forts put forth, they could not be considered satisfactory.<sup>1</sup> There is therefore a contradiction between this conviction and the belief generally existing in Latin-American opinion, which has come to possess the character of an established truth. It is proper to explain this contradiction by analyzing the positive facts of which this established truth ought to be considered as an interpretation.

## VI

We have established the following points:

1. The influence of the European war has created on our continent a situation highly favorable for the intensification of the commercial relations between the United States and the Latin-American countries. In other words, it has created numerous positive possibilities for commerce between it and the other countries.

2. North American industry and commerce were in a condition favorable for realizing these possibilities, in so far as this depended on them.

<sup>1</sup> While we were concluding the third chapter of this study there was transmitted by cable to *La Nación* from Washington, the following information: (*La Nación*, January 28, 1917: foreign telegraphic news), from which it may be easily inferred that this estimate is accepted at the present time by President Wilson and by the generality of business men and a great part of the North American statesmen:

### "DAILY IMPRESSIONS

#### "PLANS OF PRESIDENT WILSON

"WASHINGTON, 27.—Authoritative information permits us to assert that President Wilson is resolved to effect a reorganization of the diplomatic and consular service of the United States as soon as his second presidential term begins on the fourth of next March. This decision is attributed to his firm conviction that success in the commercial struggle, which must be undertaken by this country with the rest of the world after the war, depends, in large measure, upon the efficiency of these two services.

"In order to improve the North American diplomatic and consular service, the President of the United States purposes to take advantage of the custom that imposes on these functionaries the presentation of their respective resignations at the expiration of each presidential term. On this occasion, it is asserted, many of these resignations will be accepted. The business men of the United States believe that there is now offered to the United States an excellent opportunity to take the lead in world commerce as soon as the war shall cease. This is practicable mainly in the South American countries, but, as these same men point out, in order to achieve this result radical changes would have to be wrought in the diplomatic and consular methods of the United States in South America, changes which must be based

3. The conviction that the conditions of North American industry and commerce for international competition were inferior to those of European industry and commerce, which had come to possess, in Latin America, the character of an established truth, amounts positively to an illusion.

4. The United States has put forth, on its part, all necessary effort to take advantage of the opportunities created by the European war.

5. The belief that these possibilities have begun to be fully realized, which has also acquired in Latin America the character of an established truth, contradicts the conviction of a part of the North American public opinion. It is our purpose to explain this contradiction, in other words, to ascertain if this established truth is a partially correct but acceptable interpretation of the positive facts, or if it is as inconsistent and untenable as that with which we occupied ourselves in section 3.<sup>2</sup>

principally upon the elimination of representatives appointed for political reasons, in favor of others who shall be appointed because of their attainments and their commercial ability.

"The first Assistant Secretary of the State Department, Mr. William Phillips, although he declined to supply data regarding the reforms about to be carried out made the following observations:

"Our diplomatic corps is lacking in popular prestige, because there exists the idea that diplomacy has no direct influence on our foreign commerce. This is a grave error since, in reality, the foreign commerce of the United States depends exclusively upon our relations with other countries, that is, upon the aid that the United States can render this commerce by means of diplomacy."

"Mr. William Phillips enjoys the reputation of being the most ardent advocate in Washington of the abolition of political influences in the filling of diplomatic and consular positions and of basing promotion upon a rigorous application of the merit system.

"It is known also that the President desires to invite all the American countries to take part in an exposition that is to be held next year in Gulfport in celebration of the centenary of the foundation of the state of Mississippi, but he abstains from doing so now because the subject is under consideration by Congress. The House and the Senate are agreed, however, that the subject will require some time for its consideration and that several months must elapse before a decision can be reached. The project in question, was presented to the House last July, but it has not yet been discussed.

"J. P. YODER."

<sup>2</sup>This is the end of the first chapter of the article, which was too long to be used entire in *INTER-AMERICA*. Other portions of the article, with statistics, will be published later.—*Editor's note.*

# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

XXX: thus was signed the article on Rubén Darío. Inquiry was made of the director of the *Ateneo de El Salvador* as to the source, and he communicated that he was not permitted to give the name of the author.

FROYLÁN TURCIOS: b. in Juticalpa, Honduras, c. 1875; has served as secretary of the Interior through several terms, secretary of the delegation of Honduras to the Second Pan American Conference at Rio de Janeiro; director of *El Nuevo Tiempo* and of *Esfinge*, of Honduras; now under appointment as consul at Paris; author of a dozen or so works: novels, short stories, poems.

PABLO GROUSSAC: b. in France, c. 1850; took up his residence in Buenos Aires as a boy; historian and man of letters; for several years inspector general of public instruction; for many years he has been director of the National Library of Argentina in Buenos Aires; is the author of several works of history and criticism.

ARMANDO DONOSO: b. in Santiago, Chile, c. 1885; a journalist; on the staff of *El Mercurio*; spent a number of years studying in the universities of Germany, and specialized in German literature; author of several volumes of philosophical criticism, essays, etc.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTÚ: b. in Victoria, Spain, May 4, 1875; educated in Spain and France; a journalist; resides at present in London; is the correspondent of *El Heraldo de Madrid*; collaborates with several Spanish and Spanish-American magazines; the author of a number of books and many articles of an historical and legal character.

ÁNGEL PINO (pseudonym of JOAQUÍN DÍAZ GARCÉS): b. in Santiago, Chile, c. 1875; a journalist; formerly director of

*El Mercurio*, now one of its editors, and proprietor and editor of the *Pacífico Magazine*, both of Santiago; has been chargé d'affaires in Italy and in Switzerland, and mayor of Santiago; is a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española; author of numerous works on Chilean manners and customs.

FRANCISCO F. FERNÁNDEZ: b. in the province of Entre Ríos, Argentina, c. 1867; educator; has taught in a number of normal schools; on occasions he has played a part in political movements; for a considerable period he was chief inspector of public education under the ministry of Public Instruction.

C. VILLALOBOS DOMÍNGUEZ: (it has been impossible to secure any data regarding this author).

ERNESTO NELSON: b. in Buenos Aires, c. 1862; educator and writer; has occupied several important positions in the ministry of Public Instruction; has spent much time in Europe and the United States; represented several Argentine institutions in the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Washington; the author of numerous books, pamphlets, and magazine and newspaper articles upon education and related subjects.

ERNESTO J. J. BOTT: b. in Buenos Aires, c. 1890; author of many pamphlets and magazine and newspaper articles upon historical and economic subjects.

RUBÉN DARÍO was born in Metapa, Nicaragua, January 18, 1867; he died at León, Nicaragua, February 7, 1916.

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, c. 1870; he died in Palermo, Sicily, May 3, 1917.

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The Treaty Rights of Aliens, by William Howard Taft.

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*Publication No. 14*

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